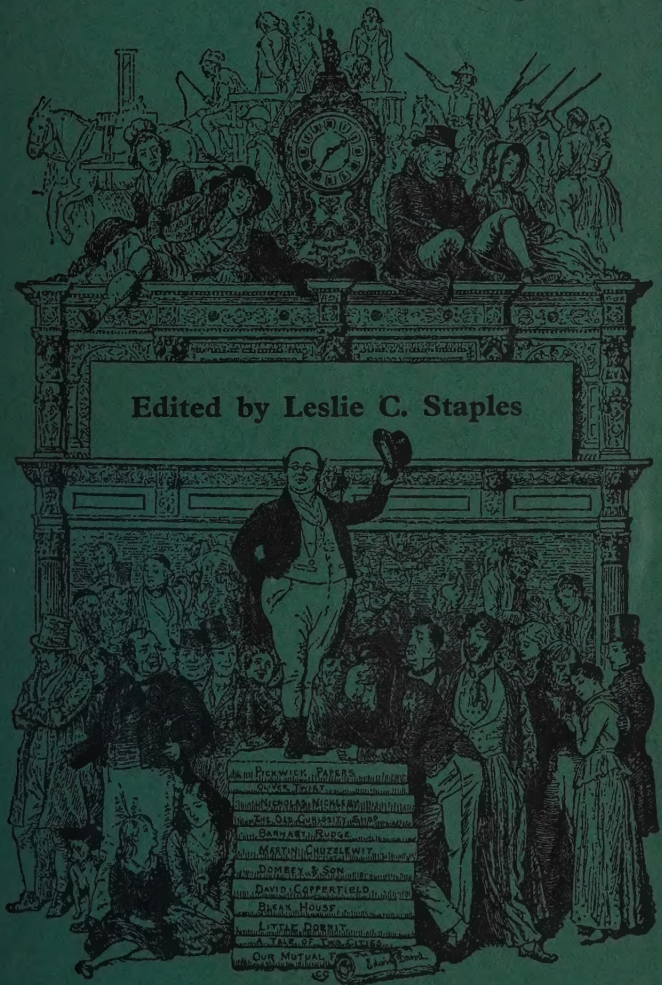
VOL. LII, Part 1 | WINTER NUMBER Published December, 1955 | No. 317

THE DICKENSIAN



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THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON. W.C.1.

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The Dickens Fellowship

LONDON MEETINGS

Unless otherwise stated meetings take place at the Swedenborg Hall, 20/22 Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1, at 7 p.m.

Dec. Wed. 7th. Lecture: "Something new about Dickens," Mr. Gordon Stowell. Chairman: Mr. P. H. C. Dickens, great-grandson of Charles Dickens.

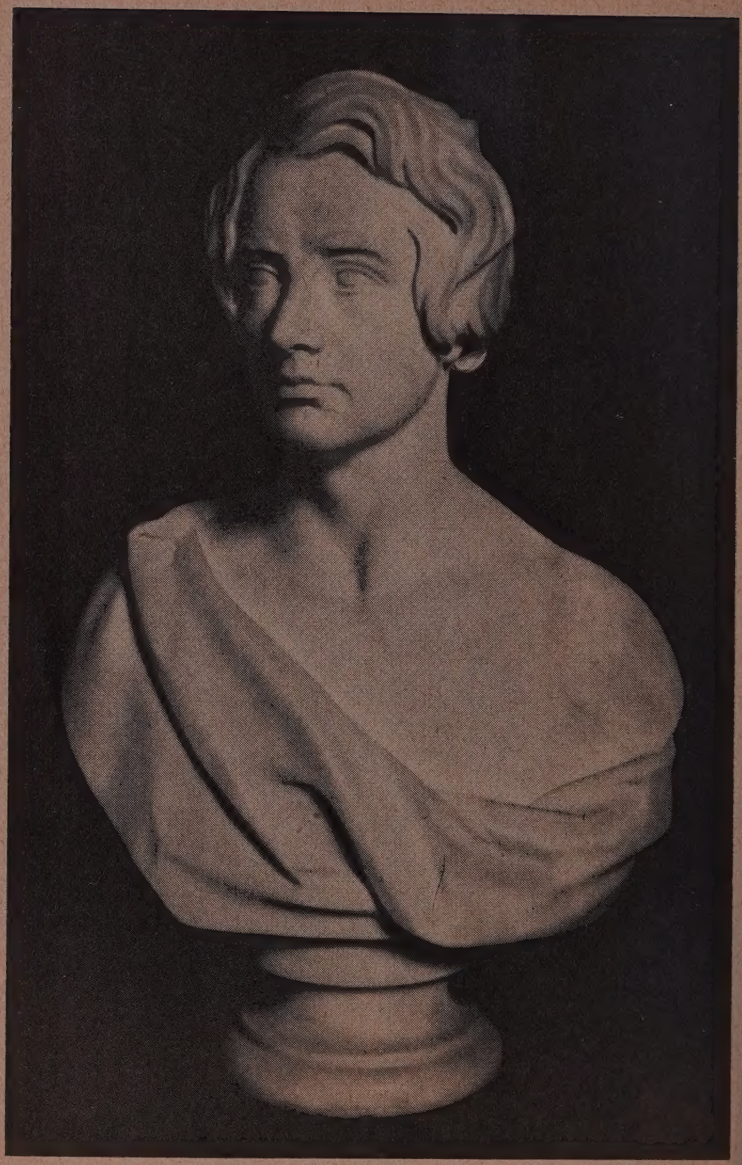
Thurs. 15th. A Christmas PENNY READING, arranged by Mrs. Jane Bacon. Swedenborg Hall. Tickets 5*s.* from the Dickens House.

Jan. Wed. 11th. Lecture: "Dickens's debt to his illustrators." Mrs. L. K. Thirkell (Angela Thirkell). Chairman: Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh, great-grandson of Charles Dickens.

Feb. Tues. 7th. Dickens Birthday Dinner. The President in the Chair. Speaker to be announced. Café Royal, Regent Street. Tickets 30*s.*

Mon. 20th. Lecture-Recital. A Treasure Hunt in *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Mr. John Greaves. Preceded by a Bring and Buy Sale in aid of the St. Paul's Cathedral Restoration Fund at 6-30 p.m.

Sats. 18th, 25th. Ramble: "Round About Trafalgar Square," conducted by Miss Ella Smith, with a visit to Coutts Bank. Parties limited to 25. Application to Dickens House, enclosing stamped addressed envelope.



CHARLES DICKENS

by Angus Fletcher, 1839

Photo by Brian Greaves

see page 5

THE DICKENSIAN

WINTER NUMBER

VOL. LII. DECEMBER 1955 No. 317

WHEN FOUND—

The New President The Very Revd. W. R. Matthews, K.C.V.O., D.Lit., D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, gave his inaugural Presidential Address in the Hall of Gray's Inn on October 13th, under the Chairmanship of the Rt. Hon. the Earl Jowitt, the retiring President. The Dean spoke on "Dickens and the Religious Movements of his Time," and it is hoped that we may be able to publish a résumé of it later.

* * * * *

Regional Groups The N.W. Regional Group of Branches of the Dickens Fellowship in England has long been functioning with great success, and without doubt the strength of the Fellowship in Lancashire is in some measure due to it. It is with great satisfaction that we record the formation, reported on another page, of the S.E. Regional Group, and we have no doubt that the six branches forming it will very materially benefit.

* * * * *

The Charles Dickens School Broadstairs, so beloved of Dickens for so many years, has nobly commemorated its association with the novelist by naming a fine new Secondary Modern School, modern in every sense of the word, The Charles Dickens School. The building, incorporating every up-to-date device and accoutrement for twentieth century secondary education, was on Monday, September 12th, declared open by Mr. Philip Charles Dickens, who, in quoting one of the last-recorded remarks of Mr. Pickwick, "The happiness of young people has ever been the chief pleasure of my life," expressed his conviction that his famous grandfather would have been proud indeed of such a school, so far removed from those which he so effectively exposed a century ago. Mr. Dickens presented to the school a first edition of *The Pickwick Papers*, containing a counterfoil in his grandfather's hand. The hall is adorned by a bust of Dickens, the gift of The Dickens Fellowship, and near it is the door-step of the now demolished house on The Brook, Chatham, in which Dickens spent part of his childhood. This was the gift of the Broadstairs Branch of the Fellowship. The attractive badge of the school incorporates the white horse of Kent, the lion figure-heads of Broadstairs, and the red geranium of Charles Dickens.

* * * * *

International Copyright "International copyright, the only turnpike between the readers of two nations," was the toast proposed by Dickens in New York in 1842. His heart's desire was brought within sight when the Universal Copyright Convention came into force on September 16th.

St. John Irvine Taken from a broadcast on Arnold Bennett, Mr. St. John Irvine's comments on that novelist's inability to read Dickens are worthy of quotation here. "If I had been asked who, among all the writers I have known, was most likely to appreciate Dickens, I should have said Arnold Bennett was. Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells were Dickens lovers. So are the majority of great writers. I know a man who says that when anybody comes into his house and says he dislikes Dickens, he locks up his silver and telephones for the police. That is very much my own feeling. There is something seriously wrong with people who cannot read Dickens. Either their minds are out of order or they are suffering from moral obliquity. In either case, I don't wish to meet them, and I hope they fall over something and break both their legs. It was a great shock to me to find that Arnold Bennett could not read our great man of genius; and I had to make some rapid re-adjustment of my feelings about anti-Dickensians, at all events about this particular one, who was essentially likable. In the end, I refused to consider the matter at all. This was something that was inexplicable, and so one left it alone." (*The Listener*, September 22nd.)

* * * * *

Yorkshire Schools Congratulations to our old friend Mr. V. C. Clinton Baddeley for the brilliant "feature programme" on the Yorkshire Schools attacked by Dickens. Broadcast on August 9th by the B.B.C., "Benevolent Teachers of Youth," was a resounding success. It revealed considerable original research into the history of William Shaw, the original of Squeers, and his colleagues in Yorkshire, and was most engagingly presented.

* * * * *

Curiosa A curious and out-of-the-way item of Dickensiana which has escaped our notice until recently, appeared in Chambers's Journal for December 1952. Brenda Dawson's anecdote entitled "Amelia's Spanking," tells of her eighteen-year-old Great-Aunt Amelia's penetration into Dickens's study at Gad's Hill Place, in a determined effort to secure the novelist's sponsorship for her proposed journalistic career. While awaiting Dickens's expected return, she improved the shining hour by drastically revising some of the final MS. sheets of *Edwin Drood* that she saw resting on the desk, confident that the brilliance of her work would at once commend her to the author. Not unnaturally it proved otherwise. Dickens placed the ruined MS. in the fire, and the self-appointed editor on his knee in order the better to provide her with a spanking on that part of her anatomy presumably provided by nature for the purpose. Seekers after a solution of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, are not invited to write to us about the possible clues consigned to the fire on that occasion.

* * * * *

French preference *Figaro Littéraire* recently announced in Paris the result of a competition to decide the twelve greatest non-French novels of the last century. The first place was won by *Great Expectations*. The literary jury was presided over by M. Jacques Jaujard, and included M. François Mauriac and M. André Maurois.

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

THE ANGUS FLETCHER BUST OF DICKENS

GIFT TO THE DICKENS HOUSE

THE unlooked-for discovery of a contemporary, important, and long-lost portrait of Dickens is an event of considerable rarity and excitement. The effect is heightened by the fact that the bust, for such it is, is of the Doughty Street period and the gratifying circumstance that it has been presented to The Dickens House, to the collection at which it is a very notable addition indeed. The sculptor was Angus Fletcher, whose signature it bears, with the date 1839, and a photograph of it forms the frontispiece of this number.

Writing in *Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil*, 1889, F. G. Kitton says, " Presumably the first portrait-bust of Dickens is that produced by Mr. Angus Fletcher, and exhibited by him at the Royal Academy in 1839. It was executed in marble, and represents Dickens somewhat as he appears in Maclise's picture. The bust is classically draped in the orthodox manner. Eventually this too became the property of the novelist, and stood, until his death, on a pedestal in the greenhouse at Gad's Hill Place. At the sale of his effects it realised the sum of fifty-one guineas, the purchaser being a Mr. [T.] Gilbert. Its subsequent history I am unfortunately unable to trace." It has now been most generously presented to The Dickens House by Miss J. Jowett, until lately of Leeds, in memory of her father, Mr. J. Blackburn Jowett, in whose home in that city it stood for something like half a century. It is now on view at Doughty Street, after its cleaning and restoration at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Dickens, according to Professor Edgar Johnson, met Fletcher in the house of Macrone his first publisher, which was adorned by several busts of contemporary notabilities, and a close friendship quickly developed. It is in " The Medicine Men of Civilisation," in *The Uncommercial Traveller*, that we find Dickens's portrait of his friend, under the name of Mr. Kindheart, a neighbour of the novelist during his sojourn in Genoa in 1844. Dickens described how the eccentric Scotsman arranged an English funeral, which turned out so very un-English, for an Italian whose bereavement had aroused his sympathy. Fletcher it was who had acted as Dickens's guide in the Highlands during the Edinburgh visit of 1841, and had engaged for him three years later, the large rambling house near Genoa which, when he saw it, Dickens dubbed " The Pink Jail."

Fletcher, although a most eccentric character, had a wayward kind of talent which he could never concentrate on a settled pursuit, and when Dickens first knew him he had taken up the profession of a sculptor. The novelist was often amused by his pranks and absurdities, which, though occasionally bordering on the most foolish extravagance, were always the genuine though whimsical outgrowth of the life he led. Dickens enjoyed the oddity and humour; tolerated all the rest; and to none more freely than to Kindheart opened his house and hospitality. In his letters

to Forster, humorous accounts are given of Fletcher's peculiarities, such as his habit of venting any particular emotion in a wildness of cry—a sort of wolfish howl—a sound which, as Dickens thought, had no parallel on earth. " In the infernal regions there may be," he wrote, " but elsewhere there is no compound addition of wild beasts that could produce its like for their total. The description of the wolves in Robinson Crusoe is the nearest thing; but it's feeble—very feeble—in comparison."

Although exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1839, it would seem that Dickens did not take possession of the finished bust until two years later, for on April 8th, 1841, we find him writing to the sculptor: " The Bust arrived safe, and is considered by everybody (by Maclise at the head of them) *much more like* in the marble than in the cast. Kate wrote to thank you for it, but was guilty of the small omission (a very slight one) of forgetting to put it in the post. She is going to write again, and I have no doubt you will get her note, either with this, or immediately afterwards."

It might be thought that Dickens possessed other examples of Fletcher's work for he wrote to his friend on September 14th 1839: " Fred was mistaken in thinking I wanted Night and Morning for my bookcase. I design them for the dining room "—presumably at Devonshire Terrace. But in the catalogue of the sale of Dickens's effects at Gad's Hill on July 9th 1870, there appear, under the list of Plaster Casts, " Night and Morning, a pair of reliefs after Thorwaldsen—in gilt frames," which were sold for eight and a half guineas.

F. G. Kitton was of the opinion that it was Fletcher's bust to which Hans Andersen referred in his description of Tavistock House in 1857 (*The Dickens Country*, 1905). " In the passage from street to garden," wrote the famous Dane, " hung pictures and engravings. Here stood a marble bust of Dickens, so like him, so youthful and handsome . . ."

It was in March, 1862, that Dickens saw the announcement of Fletcher's death in *The Times*, and on the 23rd of that month we find him writing to a Mr. John Darlington of Bradford, thanking him for details. Dickens wrote then to Forster: " Poor Fletcher is dead. Just as I am closing my letter I hear the sad story. He had been taken suddenly ill near the railway station at Leeds, and being accidentally recognised by one of the railway men was carried to the Infirmary, where the doctor obtained his sister Lady Richardson's address, and wrote to her. She arrived to find him in a dangerous state, and after lingering four days he died. Poor Kindheart ! I think of all that made him so pleasant to us, and am full of grief."

L.C.S.

DICKENS IN LONGFELLOWS LETTERS AND JOURNALS

By Edward Wagenknecht

[The writer of this article has spent a great deal of time during the last two years reading the letters and journals of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, his wife, and many relatives and correspondents, all happily preserved at the Houghton Library of Harvard University and the Longfellow House, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The primary results of these investigations will appear in two volumes to be published in New York by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Company: *Longfellow: A Full-length Portrait*, published in the autumn of 1955, and *Letters and Journals of Fanny Appleton Longfellow*, which will follow, presumably in 1956.

Since I have a special interest in Dickens and in Dickensiana —an interest which I have never made any effort to conceal from the reading public—it was natural that I should have found myself giving special attention to Longfellow's numerous unpublished references to Dickens. In their relationship to Longfellow himself, some of these are noted in *Longfellow: A Full-length Portrait*. But I can treat them there only in connection with the light they shed upon Longfellow's own character and personality. It seemed to me that they were also worth considering, at greater length, for their own sake, and the Editor of *The Dickensian* having happily agreed with me, this article is the result.

My subject is not completely virgin ground. Edward F. Payne included some consideration of Dickens's personal contacts with Longfellow in his *Dickens Days in Boston* (Houghton Mifflin Company, 1927). In 1942 the poet's grandson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana, published a long article called "Longfellow and Dickens: The Story of a Transatlantic Friendship," in the *Cambridge* [Mass.] *Historical Society Publications*. XXVII, 55–104. To exclude from this article all references to matters already considered by Payne and Dana would have made for a trying discontinuity, but my emphasis is upon materials which have not been published before. I have not, however, attempted to reproduce every sentence in the Longfellow manuscripts which bears upon Dickens.

Quotations from manuscript materials in this article are made by kind permission of the Longfellow Trustees and the Harvard College Library.]

I

LONGFELLOW first met Dickens in January 1842, upon the novelist's first visit to Boston, and he accepted him at once as "a glorious fellow"—"a gay, free-and-easy character, with a fine bright face, blue eyes, and long dark hair, and withal a slight dash of the Dick Swiveller about him."[1] It is interesting that both here and in London, where he visited Dickens before the year was out, Longfellow's admiration embraced Mrs. Dickens also: "a good-natured—mild, rosy young woman—not beautiful,

[1] MS: HWL (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow), Letter to his father, Jan. 30, 1842.

but amiable."[1] There is no suggestion that he sensed any incompatability between her and her husband.

Dickens's resemblance to Dick Swiveller was not passed over so lightly by Longfellow's youngest brother, later the Reverend Samuel Longfellow, a distinguished Unitarian clergyman and the poet's biographer. "Sam," as the family called him, reported as follows to his sister, Mrs. James Greenleaf, in New Orleans:

Dickens and Longfellow
by Edward F. Payne

> You have already heard about Dickens's arrival in Boston & will have read, perhaps, the report of the young men's dinner, which was the most elegant & delightful ever known in Boston. Boston has been in a great toss but as he left on Saturday has by this time recovered a portion of its wonted propriety. I had the pleasure of seeing Dickens, nay of breakfasting with him at Henry's on Friday, at 10½ o'clock. I confess I did not find him quite my ideal Boz. He is very animated and talkative, pleasant but not particularly humorous, with an offhand way, and the slightest possible tincture of rowdyism in his appearance. He is the man who wrote Dick Swiveller & Pickwick drunk or something a little better than that—but not the creator of Oliver Twist & Little Nell. He has none of that refinement and scholarly look which we are apt to attach to our idea of a literary man; in other words he is just what we ought to expect when we recollect his history instead of his books. His hair is long, combed by his fingers & apparently guiltless of all acquaintance with a brush, in short not neat. His face is agreeable not so handsome as, tho' somewhat resembling the large lithograph which Henry has. His features are in constant play while he talks, particularly his eyebrows, giving him a French aspect. He speaks fast & rather indistinctly, reminding me of Horatio Smith, when he does not stutter. I sat opposite to him between Andrews Norton & Pierce; Sumner, Felton & Sam Ward completed the party. He talked about the literary people of England, & told us of Mrs. Norton being allowed at last to see her children. She went one day to her lawyer's, Mr. Proctor's, & found him playing with his children. He was so much moved by the feelings she exhibited that he promised her that by some means or other she should see her children. She said that every morning when she woke she felt that they were one day nearer forgetting their mother forever. Sumner spoke of her having several years ago assisted a young friend to elope which was thought rather against her. "Yes," said Dickens, "she made the night caps, and it was natural enough too in a young person. I'm sure I should be very happy to help anybody run away." He said that Quilp was entirely

[1] MS: HWL, Journal, Jan. 30, 1842.

a creature of the imagination he had heaped together in him all possible hideousness. Pierce told him however of a real Quilp, at Salem, with wife, mother-in-law & all. I should have mentioned to you that he hadn't been in the room three minutes before Sumner took him to the window—it was open—& showing him the view seized the book & began to read River that in silence windest, when Henry rushed up and put a stop to the proceeding. The river Charles never looked more unpoetical. It was a cloudy day—the tide was down the hills were black and the meadows dirty.—Mr. Worcester came in just at the close & told Boz that the house was Washington's H.Q., of which he had been already twice informed by Sumner and Mr. Norton; and as they were going down stairs, Joey beckoned to him curiously & said, Here, won't you step into my parlor a minute —he went in & was introduced to Mrs. W & Miss Charlotte and somebody else who was there for the purpose. By the by Miss Maria Fay & the fair one had contrived accidentally to call upon Mrs. Worcester about half-past ten & were I presume sitting at the window when Dickens came in. As Miss Charlotte remarked, it might perhaps be considered a pardonable curiosity. From Henry's the distinguished stranger went to call upon the President [of Harvard College], stopping on his way at the Printing Office (!) The Pres. of course took him to the Library, where were assembled a small crowd of admiring boys & young ladies, such as the Higginsons & the two above named; thence he walked by easy stages to Mr. Sparks', stopping at Tutor Wheeler's that he might see a student's room, at Sumner's suggestion —& finally went into town in a carriage with said Sumner, an umbrella, a bear skin coat, & two octavo volumes of Longfellow's poems.[1]

Three days before this letter was written, Richard Henry Dana, author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, wrote William Cullen Bryant in New York, to prepare him for Dickens's visit to that city:

. . . He *is very desirous of seeing you*. The very first sight of him may not wholly please you. But that will pass off in a moment, & if you do not greatly *take to him*, I am much mistaken. He is full of life. And with him life does not appear to be according to the Brunonian theory a forced state —but a truly *natural* one. I never saw a face fuller of vivid action, or an eye fuller of light. And he is so freely animated—so unlike *our folks*. He is plainly enough a most hearty man, & a most kind hearted one. People do not seem to crowd about him as to see a lion, but from downright love of him: —As Richard said to me—you can't bear to leave him. . . .[2]

Dickens's warmest admirer among the Boston literati, however, was probably Cornelius Conway Felton, Professor of Greek at Harvard, and later President of the College. While Dickens was still in Boston he defended him twice against the strictures and reservations of Andrews Norton (the "Pope of Unitarianism") and his wife, parents of Charles Eliot Norton:

. . . In the evening Longfellow and I went to Mr. Norton's; I had a dispute with Mr. and Mrs. N. about Dickens. They maintained that he showed but little knowledge of human nature, and I that his knowledge was profound and exact. Mr. Norton affirmed that such a character as Oliver Twist was an impossibility, and gave many reasons for that opinion. I maintained that the character was not

[1] MS: Samuel Longfellow, Letter to Mrs. James Greenleaf, Feb. 8, 1842.
[2] MS: Richard Henry Dana, Letter to William Cullen Bryant, Feb. 5, 1842 (Courtesy, Massachusetts Historical Society)

only beautiful but true in the highest degree to nature. Neither convinced the other, and neither yielded a jot.

And again, upon another visit:

. . . Mrs. N. was speaking with wonder of the enthusiasm with which Dickens is regarded and received. She said she was not surprised that his books should be liked. They were well, some of them *very well*. I replied, that I thought the kindliness and humanity displayed in his works, sufficiently accounted for his personal popularity. That everybody felt he was a *good fellow*, and as to his books being well, or *very well*, I had been convinced since the first number of Pickwick, that one of the greatest minds of the age was coming out, and that I now entertained a profound conviction that Dickens was the most original and inventive genius since Shakespeare! What do you say to that? Am I not more than half right?[1]

Longfellow's home, Craigie House, Cambridge, Mass.

Here Dickens breakfasted with the poet on Feb. 4th, 1842.

Felton was in New York during Dickens's visit there, and on February 22, Sam Ward (Julia Ward Howe's brother) wrote Longfellow that Felton and the novelist had been together "daily and almost hourly":

. . . They have walked, laughed, talked, eaten oysters and drunk champagne together until they have almost grown together—in fact nothing but the interference of Madame D—— prevented their being attached to each other like the Siamese Twins, *a volume of Pickwick serving as connecting membrane*. Imagine them strolling up Broadway —the grave Eliot Professor and the *Swelling*, theatrical Boz—the little man with the red waistcoat—talking Pickwickian and Barnaby —and those meeting them doubting that their minutest peculiarities of aspect were inscribed as rapidly as they were reflected in the Daguerreotype retina of Dickens's eye.[2]

[1] MS: Cornelius C. Felton, Letter to Henry R. Cleveland, Jan 24, 1842.
[2] MS: Sam Ward, Letter to HWL, Feb. 22, 1842.

Nearly three months afterwards, Longfellow's wife-to-be, Fanny Appleton, reported to her brother, Thomas G. Appleton, of having heard their friend, Charles Sumner, read a letter which Dickens had written Felton:

> in the true Pickwickian vein in regard to the delights of oyster cellars, & his affection for his household gods even to the bars on his cook's cap, but very unlike that amiable & much-enduring personage in the indignation at our thievish booksellers. This book [i.e. *Martin Chuzzlewit*] will apparently be far from what is expected jocose & good natured, but is to lash our backs again about copyright & slavery. He meant, what would have been far wiser, only to introduce his American experiences to spice his future sketches of humanity, but his friends choose to expect a book about us which is very stupid of them, I think, for it is a thrice told tale & not in his line.[1]

From New York Dickens himself sent Longfellow an invitation to visit him in London. The poet was so delighted that he copied the entire letter, including a very fair imitation of Dickens's signature, and sent it to his father on February 27.

The primary object of Longfellow's journey was to take the " water-cure " in Germany. Before sailing, late in April, he wrote Sumner from New York:

> I have been this evening to see a play called *Boz*. It is a caricature on Dickens's reception here. Dickens is very well represented by Horncastle. The best joke in the piece is the invitation from the members of an Engine Company to see a fire, and the accompanying request to know whether he will have a single house burnt, or a whole block. He is also invited to see a steamer burst her boiler on the North River! I tried exceedingly hard to amuse myself; but found it rather dull.[2]

On September 17 Longfellow wrote the same correspondent from abroad: " I have entirely, *entirely* recovered from that attack of *anti-English* spleen; and promise myself great pleasure from my visit to Dickens."[3]

The visit materialized in October, and seems to have been greatly enjoyed by both parties. The letter which Dickens sent Longfellow from Broadstairs, September 28, when he was afraid that he might have missed his visit through absence from home, is in quite his liveliest vein, but is too well-known to be reprinted here.[4] From Dickens's study Longfellow sent Sumner, on October 16, his impressions of *American Notes*. " It is jovial and good-natured, and at times very severe. You will read it with delight and, for the most part, approbation."[5] Writing to John Forster early in 1843, Longfellow sends kisses to all the Dickens children, and especially to " noble little Charlie," " fine little Charlie, whom I can now see as distinctly as if he were standing before me."[6]

II

Longfellow and Dickens did not meet again until the novelist came to Boston late in 1867 on his famous American reading tour.

[1] MS: FEA (Fanny Elizabeth Appleton), Letter to Thomas G. Appleton, June 14, 1842.
[2] MS: HWL, Letter to Charles Sumner, Apr. 26, 1842.
[3] MS: HWL, Letter to Charles Sumner, Sept. 17, 1842.
[4] Cf. Samuel Longfellow, *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (Boston Ticknor and Company, 1886), I, 418–419.
[5] *Ibid.*, I, 421.
[6] MS: HWL, Letters to John Forster, Feb. 28, May 24, 1843.

Correspondence had apparently done little or nothing to bridge the gap of years. It seems strange that Longfellow should have written so much more to Forster than he did to Dickens.[1] But, like all the rest of the world, the poet and his circle were diligently reading and commenting upon Dickens's various books as they appeared.

Longfellow did not always admire. As already indicated, he accepted the strictures contained in the *American Notes* with good grace, and it does not seem that his comment on *Pictures from Italy* as " all drollery " while Goethe on the same subject was " all wisdom " was meant to be slighting, for he also calls the volume " the finest and the funniest " book of travels he ever read.[2] To Felton he writes, " Dickens's description of Genoa makes me quite crazy. If I were rich enough, I would give my Professorship ' a punch in the head,' and retire to Italy forthwith."[3] But the novels themselves drew mixed notices. *Martin Chuzzlewit, Dombey and Son,* and *Little Dorrit* were the ones with which he was most inclined to find fault, while he greatly admired *David Copperfield, Bleak House,* and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.*

Having received the third number of *Chuzzlewit,* he wrote Forster that " The story opens with great freshness and vigor," giving special praise, among other things, to " The Autumn Evening," " Tom Pinch's journey to Salisbury," and " the great, moral Pecksniff."[4] But the letter he sent his father a month later compels us to choose between believing that he had changed his opinion during the interval or that the earlier letter was not quite a frank or full expression of his mind. " Shall I send you the numbers of Dickens's new book, Chuzzlewit? " he asks. " I do not think it very amusing as yet, but it will no doubt grow better when he gets fully under way."[5]

Just after Christmas 1847 he confides to his journal how " The evening whiled away with a new No. of Dombey, in which the proud Edith falls to pieces in the arms of Carker."[6] In March 1848 he finds No. 17 " poor enough: mere filling up as it were."[7] Having finished the work, he records, late in April:

> The last two Nos. of Dombey. Heavy enough. No wonder; when one thinks that the author has gone through so many large octavo pages; more than six hundred. There is the trouble. Too much filling up:—writing against Time—or rather against space.[8]

He re-read *Dombey* in 1861, but he still found it " a dismal book, though," he now adds, " rich in character and with a great deal of fun in it. . . . The description of Dr. Blimber's school is capital."[9]

Longfellow's enthusiasm for *David Copperfield* is reflected in his letter to Forster, December 7, 1851:

> It is very good news to hear that Dickens is beginning a new book.

[1] Longfellow's letters to Forster are in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, who have graciously consented to my quoting from them in this article.
[2] Samuel Longfellow, *Life,* II, 44.
[3] MS: HWL, Letter to C. C. Felton, April 1846.
[4] MS: HWL, Letter to John Forster, Feb. 28, 1843.
[5] Samuel Longfellow, *Life,* II, 13.
[6] MS: HWL, Journal, Dec. 29, 1847.
[7] MS: HWL, Journal, Mar. 6, 1848.
[8] MS: HWL, Journal, Apr. 26, 1848.
[9] MS: HWL, Journal, Mar. 7, 1861.

The last was a grand one; with a richer and deeper tone about it, than any of the others perhaps. Before this reaches you we shall be reading No. 1 of the new story.[1]

" The new story " was *Bleak House*, and it does not seem to have disappointed him, for in 1853 he speaks of it as " very exciting and interesting."[2] He began reading *Little Dorrit* in December 1855;[3] the following March he had " another chapter " of it— " not so good as the last: and not helping the story on much."[4] In September 1865 he records reading *Our Mutual Friend* but expresses no opinion.[5]

The most interesting comment on *A Tale of Two Cities* in the Longfellow papers comes from the older son, Charles Appleton Longfellow, who was not the most literary member of the family. On October 2, 1863, he wrote his sister Alice from Catlett's Station, Virginia, where he was encamped with the Union Army: " It has been raining all day, so that I have finished the ' Tale of Two Cities ' it is first rate, isn't it ? "[6]

As has already appeared in connection with *Dombey*, Longfellow sometimes re-read Dickens's novels. Thus he comments upon *Barnaby Rudge* in 1860, when it was far from being a new book: " Dickens is always prodigal and ample; but what a set of vagabonds he contrives to introduce us to."[7] But by all means the most interesting comment on re-reading is this on *Pickwick* from 1861:

> Afternoon and evening read ' Pickwick '—It contains all Dickens in embryo, as an Overture does an Opera: themes and motives just touched upon, which are more elaborately developed in later works.[8]

The most interesting comments on the *Christmas Books* come from Mrs. Longfellow, who, naturally enough, is most enthusiastic about the *Carol*. She and Longfellow read it together after midnight of January 26–27, 1844, and she is presumably speaking for both of them when she calls it " an admirable performance with a true Xmas glow about it, yet very pathetic and poetical besides."[9] A few days later she goes into some detail, in a letter to her brother Tom:

> Have you seen Dickens' ' Xmas Carol '? He sent it to Felton in its English garb, with capital wood cuts, & a nice clear type ! It is a most admirable production I think, & has had great success in England, comforting people for the tediousness of Chuzzlewit. It is evidently written at *heat* from the *heart*, & has a Xmas crackle & glow about it, besides much pathos & poetry of conception, which form a rich combination. The sketch of the poor clerk's dinner is in his best manner, & almost consoles one for the poverty it reveals.[10]

Two years later she finds " Dickens' laughable & pathetic ' Cricket on the Hearth ' . . . a kind of entremet to Carlyle's Cromwell," which her tendencies towards pacifism do not help her

[1] MS: HWL, Letter to John Forster, Dec. 7, 1851.
[2] MS: HWL, Journal, Aug. 6, 1853.
[3] MS: HWL, Journal, Dec. 19, 1855.
[4] MS: HWL, Journal, Mar. 21, 1856.
[5] MS: HWL, Journal, Sept. 23, 1865.
[6] MS: Charles A. Longfellow, Letter to Alice M. Longfellow, Oct. 2, 1863.
[7] Samuel Longfellow, *Life*, II, 351.
[8] MS: HWL, Journal, Mar. 28, 1861.
[9] MS: FEAL (Fanny E. Appleton Longfellow), Journal, Jan. 27, 1844.
[10] MS: FEAL. Letter to Thomas G. Appleton, Jan. 31, 1844.

to enjoy.[1] She strikes the same note in her comment on another Christmas Book in 1847:

> Dickens's ' Battle of Life ' shows he is waking up with the rest of the world to a knowledge of the truly honorable victories—& can distinguish between a hero & a butcher.[2]

On January 8, 1849, Longfellow himself read the first half of *The Haunted Man* but found it " rather tedious."[3]

The Longfellows quoted freely from Dickens's novels also, and they were sufficiently familiar with his characters to be frequently reminded of them by persons and incidents encountered in their own lives. In a journal Longfellow wrote for his son Charley when he was small, he records buying him a wooden toy, " a man in black turning a crank. Papa called him ' Mr. Mantalini with his mangle.' "[4] In much more serious vein, he seems to have been greatly impressed by the passage on death and immortality which Dickens writes at the death of Paul Dombey. This he copied into his " Index Rerum " under " Death," and he quotes from it again in a letter to Robert Winthrop:

> I was this morning at the rooms of the Historical Society. The sun was shining pleasantly in at the window; beneath was the churchyard, reminding me of that " old, old fashion, Death "; and within, the busts, and pictures and books, suggesting the still "older fashion, Immortality."[5]

The serious and the jocular are nicely mingled in an 1872 letter to George Washington Greene, in which Longfellow says that Dante's lines,

> collecto risponde
> Senza chiamare, e grida: io mi subbarco,

would be in English, " Barkis is willing."[6]

Fanny Appleton played Mrs. Mantalini in tableaux presented at Lenox, Massachusetts, in 1839; Dickens tied with Shakespeare, furnishing the material for six out of the sixteen numbers presented. That same year an inn in the Berkshires reminded her of the one where Mr. Pickwick had his adventure with the lady in curl papers.[7] In 1840 she reported having found her sister Mary and Mary's recently-acquired husband looking " as happy as Miss La Creevy & Tim Linkinwater."[8] She quotes Sam Weller in an 1840 letter from Newport: " This is coming it rayther strong, as Sam Weller would say . . ."[9] Much more interesting is the Dickensian reference in the first letter she wrote Longfellow's mother after becoming engaged to marry her son: " I have no right to be selfish in my days of abundance, but when will the heart be taught like poor Oliver Twist not to ' ask for *more*'? "[10] In a letter to her father, written soon after she and her husband had settled down at " Castle Craigie," as she liked to call the

[1] MS: FEAL, Letter to Emmeline Wadsworth, Jan. 28, 1846.
[2] MS: FEAL, Letter to Thomas G. Appleton, Jan. 31, 1847.
[3] MS: HWL, Journal, Jan. 8, 1849.
[4] MS: HWL, Journal for Charles Longfellow, Apr. 3, 1850.
[5] MS: HWL, Letter to Robert C. Winthrop, May 8, 1868 (Courtesy, Massachusetts Historical Society).
[6] MS: HWL, Letter to George W. Greene, June 23, 1872.
[7] MS: FEA, Journal, Sept. 13, 1839.
[8] MS: FEA, Letter to Emmeline Austin, Jan. 5, 1840.
[9] MS: FEA, Letter to Emmeline Austin, July 6, 1840.
[10] MS: FEA, Letter to Zilpah Longfellow, May 27, 1843.

Craigie House, she compares their servant to Newman Noggs.[1] Twice her second son Ernest reminded her of Mr. Pickwick. Once was when he trotted about " as fast as a red spider, rolling his head like a Mandarin, & smiling with Pickwickian complacence."[2] Again, at a children's party, " Erny was as smiling as Mr. Pickwick & entered into it as heartily & genially as that angel in gaiters would have done."[3]

In 1856, when Samuel Longfellow had the jaundice, he spoke of his malady in a letter to his sister as " My case of 'Jarndyce & Jarndyce' . . . "[4]

III

It does not seem necessary to speak here in any detail of Dickens's second Boston visit, for this has been adequately covered by others elsewhere. As Longfellow wrote to Forster:

> It is a great pleasure to see Dickens again after so many years, with the same sweetness and flavor as of old, and only greater ripeness. The enthusiasm for him and for his Readings is immense. One can hardly take in the whole truth about it, and feel the universality of his fame. The Readings will be as triumphant a success here as in England. Every ticket is sold for the whole course, and the public clamours for more.[5]

Yet he complains, more than once, that Boston audiences are cold:

> For the last two weeks Boston has been, not Galvanized but Dickenized into great activity, very pleasant to behold. The Readings, or rather Actings, have been immensely successful, according to our standard of success; but Boston audiences are proverbially cold. The Gulf Stream itself would hardly raise their temperature a degree.[6]

Dickens was too ill to attend Longfellow's birthday dinner on February 27, 1868, following his reading of the " Carol " and " Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," but he sent him one of the most charming letters of affectionate greeting that any man ever wrote or received.[7] On the twenty-ninth, however, Longfellow attended the " grand banquet " which Dickens gave at the Parker House, in honour of the Boston publisher, James T. Fields. Longfellow pasted into his journal the beautiful coloured place card and the bill of fare, printed inside a sheet of what seems to be Dickens's own letter paper, with the engraved monogram " CD " on the first page. On March 4 Longfellow himself had Dickens to dinner at the Craigie House; perhaps this was the time when the novelist, seeing a set of his own books on the shelves, exclaimed, "Ah, I see you read the good authors."[8]

Like the first Boston meeting between Longfellow and Dickens, the second quickly found a successor in England. In July (4–6), 1868, Dickens entertained Longfellow, his three daughters, and his brother-in-law, Thomas Gold Appleton, at Gads Hill. This was the last time Longfellow and Dickens met.

[1] MS: FEAL, Letter to her father, July 20, 1843.
[2] MS: FEAL, Letter to Anne Longfellow Pierce, Jan. 27, 1847.
[3] MS: FEAL, Letter to Samuel Longfellow, June 11, 1847.
[4] MS: Samuel Longfellow, Letter to Anne Longfellow Pierce, Nov. 27, 1856
[5] MS: HWL, Letter to John Forster, Nov. 23, 1867.
[6] MS: HWL, Letter to Charles Sumner, Dec. 8, 1867.
[7] Cf. *The Letters of Charles Dickens* (Bloomsbury, The Nonesuch Press, 1938), III, 626.
[8] MS: HWL, Letter to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Mar. 7, 1879 (Courtesy, Boston Public Library).

According to a rather strange passage in Mrs. James T. Fields's journals, this meeting was not a great success:

> When Mr. L. talks so much and so pleasantly, I am curiously reminded of Dickens's saying to Forster, who lamented that he did not see Longfellow upon his return to London, "It was not a great loss this time, Forster; he had not a word to say for himself—he was the most embarrassing man in all England!" It is a difference of temperament which will never let those two men come together. They have no handle by which to take hold of each other. Longfellow told a gentleman at his table when J. was present that Dickens saved himself for his books, there was nothing to be learned in private—he never talked!![1]

This may be true, though I have found no indication of it elsewhere. As early as 1843, however, Longfellow seems to have felt that both Dickens and Forster—"both good fellows in the main"—were "living in a strong hallucination about this country."[2] More interesting than any of this, however, are the comments which Longfellow makes on Dickens's domestic tragedy, on his death, and on Forster's biography of him.

When, in the spring of 1858, the news came that Dickens and his wife had separated, Longfellow was saddened, not only by the fact but by the gossip that came with it:

> What a sad affair is this of Dickens. Immensely exaggerated no doubt; but sad enough at best. How discouraging it is, and disgusting, to see how eagerly and recklessly a fair reputation is dragged through the mire of the streets.[3]

Just what had he heard? And how much of it did he believe? Mrs. Longfellow writes with similar ambiguousness to her sister Mary, in England:

> How sad is all this gossip about Dickens. I cannot believe the most of it, but it is a pity, since people will invent reasons, he cannot give the plain story of the trouble.[4]

Whatever the answer to these questions may be, the Longfellows had no share in spreading the scandal, for even after Dickens had died, Longfellow spent half an hour with Fields at the print shop, urging him "to suppress certain things in his account of Dickens in the 'Whispering Gallery.'"[5]

This was in 1871, by which time he had adjusted himself to the shock of Dickens's death. When the news came, he wrote Forster:

> The terrible news from England fills us all with inexpressible grief. Dickens was so full of life, that it did not seem possible he could die, and yet he has gone before us, and we are the mourners. I know what this loss will be to you, and cannot speak of it. I will not try to speak of it.
>
> I hope his book is finished. It is certainly one of his most beautiful works, if not the most beautiful of all. It would be too sad to think the pen had fallen from his hand, and left it incomplete.
>
> I never knew an author's death cause such general mourning. It is no exaggeration to say that this whole country is stricken with

[1] May 24, 1870. Cf. M. A. DeWolfe Howe, ed., *Memories of a Hostess* . . . Boston, The Atlantic Monthly Press, 1922), p. 160.
[2] MS: HWL, Letter (in FEAL's hand) to Thomas G. Appleton, July 29, 1843.
[3] MS: HWL, Letter to Charles Sumner, June 3, 1858.
[4] MS: FEAL, Letter to Mary Mackintosh, June 22, 1858.
[5] MS: HWL, Journal, Aug. 30, 1871.

grief. You can judge what it is, from what you see and hear around you in England.[1]

A week later, he writes his brother Alexander, "Dickens is seldom out of my thoughts. He is a great loss to the world."[2]

When Forster's *Life* of Dickens was published, the revelation of the novelist's driving restlessness contained in it overwhelmed Longfellow and oppressed him with melancholy thoughts. Writing to Charles Kent in 1878, he recalled his visit to Gads Hill:

> How suddenly Dickens vanished from our sight! And yet I was not much surprised; for when he was last here he seemed very restless, as if driven by fate;—*fato profugus*. Whenever you meet Miss Hogarth, or any of the family, I beg you to remind them of me, and to say how gratefully I remember their hospitality.[3]

Five years before that he had already written Forster himself:

> Charles Norton has arrived and has brought me your letter which touches me by its kindness. But I am grieved to hear that you have been so ill and suffering. Are you not overworked? To write the life of a dear friend—just gone, must be a task almost too painful.
>
> How fearlessly and well you have done yours I need not say. I have read the two volumes with deepest interest and sympathy. You give an exact portrait of Dickens; and have had the courage not to conceal some things, that others might have hidden, but which make the likeness true and lifelike.
>
> How sad it is to think that of all the group that used to meet in the happy days of Devonshire Terrace, so few remain! We will not think of it, or, at all events, not speak of it now.
>
> I can well imagine without your saying it, how bitter this last volume will be to you. If Dickens had been dead a hundred years the task would be easier. But your skill will carry you through triumphantly.[4]

When the third volume came in 1874, he added:

> Accept my warmest thanks for the third volume of your "life of Dickens." I have read it with intense interest. I congratulate you on the completion of your difficult and delicate task. It is an admirable specimen of Biography; for if the object of biography is to present a man as he lived and moved and had his being here on earth, you have done it admirably. . . .[5]

The final item is added in a letter to Longfellow's sister-in-law, Mary Mackintosh, in London, February 6, 1876:

> I am sorry to read in the papers of the death of my old friend John Forster, in your neighbourhood. He is the last of the Dickens circle. It has all vanished, like an exhalation![6]

And so the whole Round Table was dissolved.

IV

To these personal items I should like to add just one reflection:

[1] MS: HWL, Letter to John Forster, June 12, 1870.
[2] MS: HWL, Letter to Alexander W. Longfellow, June 19, 1870.
[3] MS: HWL, Letter to Charles Kent, Apr. 20, 1878. Courtesy The Estelle Doheny Collection of the Edward Laurence Doheny Memorial Library, St. John's Seminary, Camarillo, California.
[4] MS: HWL, Letter to John Forster, June 18, 1873.
[5] MS: HWL, Letter to John Forster, Feb. 22, 1874.
[6] MS: HWL, Letter to Mary Mackintosh, Feb. 6, 1876.

Dickens is the only novelist who can be suspected of having exercised an influence upon Longfellow's own style. There is a good deal in his novel *Kavanagh* (1849) which is quite in the spirit of Dickens whimsy: the description of Lucy and the baby at the beginning of Chapter II; the dismal clock in Chapter VIII—" gasping and catching its breath at times, and striking the hour with a violent, determined blow, reminding one of Jael driving the nail into the head of Sisera "; the poet H. Adolphus Hawkins, whose " shiny hair went off to the left in a superb sweep, like the curve of a banister "; and the ardent lover who sends his inamorata " letters written with his own blood—going barefooted into the brook to be bitten by leeches, and thus using his feet as inkstands." Quite like Dickens's animism, too, is the behaviour of the little town at the beginning of " The Bell of Atri " (*Tales of a Wayside Inn*):

> One of those little places that have run
> Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
> And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
> " I climb no farther upward, come what may."

The same note sounds occasionally in the journals. When he received the first proofs of *Evangeline* in the cheap edition of his poems, Longfellow could not help wishing that a wider measure might have been used:

> It certainly would be a relief to the hexameters to let them stretch their legs a little more at their ease; still for the sake of uniformity I believe they must sit a while longer with their knees bent under them like travellers in a stage-coach.[1]

In December 1855 he entertained Thackeray, Ole Bull, and others at supper. Two guests failed to arrive. " We had," he says, " music on the Cremona, and then a *petit souper*, with two vacant places and plates looking on with hollow, hungry eyes."[2]

Once, too, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Dickens borrowed a figure from Longfellow—or so at least Longfellow thought he did. In the Preface to *Ballads and Other Poems* (1841), the American wrote:

> In the church-yard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men.

In Chapter V of his novel Dickens says:

> In this way they went on, and on, and on—in the language of the story-books—until at last the village lights appeared before them, and the church spire cast a long reflection on the grave-yard grass; as if it were a dial (alas, the truest in the world!) marking whatever light shone out of Heaven, the flight of days and weeks and year, by some new shadow on that solemn ground.

Longfellow put in his claim promptly in a letter to Forster, but he seems greatly pleased:

The figure of speech about the shadow of the church spire moving

[1] MS: HWL, Journal, Jan. 17, 1849
[2] Samuel Longfellow, *Life*, II, 270.

round the church-yard, as on a vast dial-plate, I claim as my own: See Preface to Ballads, p. xi—a very good figure notwithstanding.[1]

Let us hope that it comforted him to remember this when he himself was so stupidly and insensitively charged with plagiarism by Edgar Allan Poe.

Whatever reservations may have been made upon either side, there is no room for doubt that for Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Charles Dickens was the most important of all novelists.

For the illustrations the Editor is indebted to the Curator of Longfellow House, Cambridge, Mass.

[1] MS: HWL, Letter to John Forster, Feb. 28, 1843.

HUMPHRY HOUSE

All in Due Time,[2] the collected essays and broadcasts of the late Humphry House, forms a delightful and useful volume of eminently readable discourses and will be welcomed as a valuable memento of one of the foremost Dickensian scholars of the last decade, whose recent loss will long be mourned. For us its interest is centred on the section on Dickens, which consists of five essays, occupying a fifth of the book. There are three broadcasts, "The Macabre Dickens," "The Dickens Story," a review of Edgar Johnson's Biography, reprinted from *The Listener*, and "A New Edition of Dickens's Letters," also reprinted from *The Listener*, a shortened version of which appeared in these pages. Added to these are the Introduction to *Oliver Twist*, from the New Oxford Illustrated Dickens, and "G.B.S. on *Great Expectations*," reprinted from *The Dickensian*. That Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis should edit and publish these erudite, stimulating, and entertaining papers within the covers of a single volume will earn for him the gratitude of every Dickensian. Most of the other essays deal with a score or more of Victorian writers of poetry and prose. It is hoped to publish a review of the book in our next number. L.C.S.

[2] Rupert Hart-Davis, 15*s*.

A ROYAL COMPARISON

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, in the address she delivered on November 24th, on the occasion of her installation as Chancellor of the University of London, said:

> "A year after this university was founded, Dickens wrote *Oliver Twist*, with its picture of a poor orphan in London. That picture seems incredible to us now and nothing could illustrate more clearly the advances we have made in social betterment than to compare the conditions which Dickens describes in his novel with those in what we call the Social Service State."

The *Carol* Two most attractive editions of *A Christmas Carol*, identical except that one is in Dutch, the other in the original language, have been issued by Het Hollandsche Unitgevershuis N.V. Amsterdam. The principal feature of both is the twelve beautiful illustrations, six in colour, by Anton Pieck. In the tradition of Rackham, they are altogether charming and distinguished.

EDWIN DROOD AND THE FOUR WITNESSES

By Gavin Brend

I THINK the time has come when for the sake of brevity we must refer to Miss Pansy Pakenham, Mr. T. S. Blakeney and the many others who are convinced that Edwin Drood is dead, as the "Undertakers" and to Mr. Felix Aylmer, Mr. William Bleifuss and the many others (including myself) who are equally certain that he is alive as the "Resurrectionists." I need hardly add that no comparisons are intended or implied with Mr. Omer or Mr. Sowerberry on the one hand or with Mr. Jerry Cruncher on the other.

It is not my intention in this article to cover the entire Resurrectionist case, but merely the more limited issue of whether or not we can regard John Forster, Sir Luke Fildes, Charles Dickens Junior and Charles Allston Collins as reliable witnesses when they state (or imply) that Dickens told them that Edwin had been murdered.

An interesting question arises at the outset on what in a law court would probably be referred to as "the burden of proof." Thus Miss Pakenham says that Mr. Aylmer's researches among Dickens's original propaganda do not "prove" that Forster's claim to be Dickens's literary confidant was false. But surely it is for Miss Pakenham to prove that it is true, not for Mr. Aylmer to prove that it is false. After all Forster and the rest are her witnesses and not his. I submit that all that Mr. Aylmer or any other Resurrectionist has to do, is to show that there are possible alternatives. The burden of proof only shifts to him if and when he produces further evidence to show that Edwin is alive.

The same argument applies even more forcibly to the Blakeney-Bleifuss encounter. Mr. Blakeney objects to the use by Mr. Bleifuss of such expressions as "Forster *might* pretend" or "Dickens *may* have said" and he observes that "with 'may' and 'might' one can prove anything." Again, I should have thought that all Mr. Bleifuss could be expected to do would be to produce possible alternatives. Mr. Blakeney seems in effect to be saying "you cannot prove that I am wrong therefore you must admit that I am right."

In considering this problem we must remember that this is not just an ordinary incident in the life of Dickens about which there is no special significance or dispute. If it were, there would be no particular reason for doubt. But here we have a secret and Dickens is obviously and naturally anxious that it shall remain a secret, an attitude which one would expect to find in any author. Forster is told in a letter that the idea is "not communicable." Georgina Hogarth who would be more likely to be told the answer than anyone else inquires as to the fate of Edwin and receives a gentle snub. "I call the book the Mystery, not the History of Edwin Drood." With this background we are, I think, justified in regarding the statements of Forster and the rest with a certain amount of scepticism.

Let us now consider each of the four witnesses in turn.

The suggestion is made that any attempt to question John Forster's authority must be a desperate Resurrectionist manoeuvre to bolster up a tottering case and that there can be no possible legitimate reason for doubting him. But doubts of a more general character about Forster are not confined to the Resurrectionists. Consider the biographies of Dickens by Dame Una Pope-Hennessey and Mr. Hesketh Pearson respectively; and of Wilkie Collins by Mr. Kenneth Robinson and Mr. Robert P. Ashley respectively. From their works the picture emerges of a man who undoubtedly rendered great services to Dickens but who was touchy, overbearing, dogmatic and jealous of Dickens's friendship with others. He was Podsnap—a caricature, if you will, but a recognisable one all the same. All their accounts agree in suggesting that Forster was far less in Dickens's confidence in the sixties than in the earlier years. Is such a person likely to be a reliable witness on a question on which he may feel that his personal prestige is at stake?

After all, we must not forget when we read Forster that Dickens never had an opportunity to correct him should this be necessary. What, I wonder, would he have said to Forster's statement that when he wrote *The Old Curiosity Shop* he had no thought of killing Nell until this was suggested by Forster? Forster may be telling the truth. It is conceivable that but for his intervention *The Old Curiosity Shop* would have had a happy ending, but I have yet to meet a Dickensian who is prepared to accept this.

Again, let us take the examples which have recently been given of Forster's editing. Mr. Aylmer tells us that what Forster says was a letter written to him by Dickens in July, 1869, was in fact written prior to the 25th August, 1862. Miss Pakenham gives us some similar examples taken from his *Life of Landor* in which he makes Landor admit at a dinner party in January, 1849, that he shed tears over *David Copperfield* though it had not yet been written, whilst Dickens remarks that there is nothing in *Robinson Crusoe* to make anyone laugh or cry, in words taken verbatim from a letter to Landor which he did not write until 1856. With these examples before me why on earth should I accept Forster's word when he suggests that Dickens told him that Edwin was murdered?

I use the word "suggests" because of the curious fact that Forster never actually says that it was Dickens who told him. After dealing with the receipt of the "non-communicable" letter from Dickens he continues "The story, I learnt immediately afterward, was to be . . . so much was told to me before any of the book was written . . ." Why the expressions "I learnt" and "was told to me" and why no confirmation that his informant was Dickens? Forster is not usually as vague as this. He is definite enough on similar occasions when he is dealing with the other books. Since reading Miss Pakenham's recent article I have wondered whether by any possible chance the informant was not Dickens but Charles Allston Collins who may have talked to Forster either before or after Dickens's death.

Finally, I find it rather surprising that of the second great problem in *Edwin Drood*, the identity of Datchery, Forster seems to know little and care less. We are in fact asked to believe that Dickens found it essential to bring him into the picture so far as the fate of Edwin was concerned but quite unnecessary to do so in the case of Datchery. Surely this is hardly consistent.

Luke Fildes

So far as I am aware the question which we are considering came before Fildes on three separate occasions, and, briefly, the situation is that the farther he gets in time from the alleged conversation with Dickens the more specific his information becomes.

The first of the three was in 1871, the year after Dickens's death when Augustin Daly wanted to dramatise *Edwin Drood*. On this, his brother and biographer, Joseph Francis Daly wrote as follows:

> " Assuming that the author must have left some clue to the ' mystery ' our playwright wrote to young Charles Dickens who stated in reply that it was as great a mystery to him as to the public at large. Daly wrote to Mr. Luke Fildes, the illustrator of the novel and Mr. Fildes referred him to Mr. Charles Collins, the artist (son-in-law of the author), who had designed the cover. Mr. Collins obligingly replied."

One would have thought that if Dickens had told Fildes that Edwin was dead Fildes would have passed this information on to Daly, even if he referred him to Collins for all further information.

The next instalment of the Fildes story takes place some years before 1891 for it was in that year that W. R. Hughes's *A Week's Tramp in Dickens Land* was published. Hughes mentions an interview with Fildes and continues:

> " His opinion is that the ingenuous and kind-hearted Edwin, had he been living, would never have allowed his friend Neville to continue so long under the grave suspicion of murder. Nay more; he is convinced that Dickens intended that Edwin Drood should be killed by his uncle, and this opinion is supported by the fact of the introduction of a ' large black scarf of strong close woven silk ' which Jasper wears for the first time in the fourteenth chapter of the story and which was likely to have been the means of death, *i.e.*, by strangulation. Mr. Fildes said that Dickens seemed much surprised when he called his attention to this change of dress—very noticeable and embarrassing to an artist who had studied the character—and appeared as though he had unintentionally disclosed the secret. He further stated that it was Dickens's intention to take him to a condemned cell in Maidstone or some other gaol, in order ' that he might make a drawing and ' said Dickens ' do something better than Cruikshank ' an allusion of course to the famous drawing of ' Fagin in The Condemned Cell.' ' Surely this ' remarked our informant ' points to our witnessing the condemned culprit Jasper in his cell before he met his fate.' "

Could anything be clearer than the above account that whilst Fildes on his own reasoning concluded that Edwin is dead he has not been told so by Dickens ?

Far from telling Fildes anything at all he merely " seemed much surprised " and thus " *unintentionally disclosed* the secret." Of course it is only another example of hearsay evidence. Hughes may have got his facts wrong. But if we are to reject hearsay evidence when it comes from Hughes why should we accept it when it comes from Fildes ?

The third and last chapter in the Fildes story is his letter to *The Times* in 1905, thirty-five years after Dickens's death. It is this letter which is relied on by the Undertakers, but I submit that its value is considerably diminished by Fildes's failure to produce the evidence on the two earlier occasions. This time he says that he asked why the black scarf was required and was told that it was necessary because " Jasper strangles Edwin Drood with it."

Since Fildes omitted to mention this to either Daly or Hughes I have my doubts as to whether these words were ever spoken, but, assuming that they were, what do they prove ? Suppose that Jasper makes an unsuccessful attempt. Is not the word " strangle " adequate in ordinary conversation ? Must Dickens add that the strangling is in fact ineffective ? Is it absolutely essential that the artist should know whether the scarf which he has to draw performs its function successfully or otherwise ?

Charles Dickens Junior

Charles (as I will call him to distinguish him from his father) has already been mentioned in the paragraph from Daly's book quoted above. In 1871 when questioned by Daly he " stated in reply that it was as great a mystery to him as to the public at large." Yet many years afterwards his memory had apparently improved and in a preface to Macmillan's edition of the novel he was able to say that his father had told him that Edwin had been murdered.

Further on in the same preface he tells us of a plan by which he was to collaborate with Dion Boucicault in the dramatisation of the book, which project came to nothing, mainly owing to the fact that they were forestalled by a rival production. A most interesting article on this subject appeared in *Theatre Notebook* of April, 1953, by Dr. K. J. Fielding who had no difficulty in showing that Charles was completely inaccurate on many points.

I cannot go into the matter in detail, but, briefly his reference to the rival play had got hopelessly confused between two plays which ran in successive years in two different London theatres and his account of his own and his father's dealings with Boucicault was shown to be completely inaccurate. The following are extracts from Dr. Fielding's article:

> " The whole passage is an interesting example of the fact that first-hand authorities are not necessarily the best . . ."
>
> " It seems clear that Charles Dickens Junior was careless of the accuracy of what he wrote and resentful at his own failure . . ."

"The whole incident suggests that . . . Charles Dickens Junior's account of the subsequent arrangements is almost completely unreliable."

Now let us return to our own problem. Charles tells us that during a walk at Gadshill he said to his father "Of course Edwin Drood was murdered?" and Dickens with an expression of astonishment replied "Of course; what else did you suppose?"

Charles wrote this account many years later. I suggest that he may have been mistaken about the look of astonishment, that Dickens may never have uttered those first two words "Of course" and that he evaded his son's question by asking him another question—"What else did you suppose?" I see nothing improbable about this reconstruction. If Charles is so completely unreliable on the question of the play why should we accept his evidence of his conversation with Dickens?

Charles Allston Collins

After his failure with Charles and Fildes, Daly approached Collins and received from him the letter which Miss Pakenham has quoted in the June Number of *The Dickensian*. Let me say at once that I find Collins easily the most convincing witness of the four. There is no question of delay, his statement is less ambiguous than the others and there is no reason to suspect him of "editing."

Yet even here, I find a certain amount of doubt. It is, I think, significant that Daly regarded the result of his enquiry as a failure, for his brother writes;

"Disappointed in his search for authentic matter to supply a conclusion for the unfinished work, Daly considered the possibility of inventing one himself."

I am curious also to know why Collins never disclosed to Mrs. Perugini (who in her dual rôle of his wife and Dickens's daughter would presumably be interested) either his conversation with Dickens or his letter to Daly. As Mr. Bleifuss has pointed out, she stated that Collins was not in possession of her father's secret. Does this not suggest that after all there was some doubt in his mind? Did Dickens make some ambiguous remark which at first sounded conclusive, only to appear more dubious on second inspection?

I also find it rather remarkable that Dickens should have disclosed the secret to a man whom he disliked so intensely. For this information I am again indebted to Dr. Fielding who deals with this point in an article on Dickens and Wilkie Collins in *The Dickensian* of June, 1953.

To sum up, I regard Forster, Fildes and Charles as completely unreliable. Collins, I find more convincing but, when all is said and done, his evidence is hearsay and I do not feel that it is beyond all possible dispute.

If only someone had come forward and had at all times and to all people repeated the same story free from all ambiguity I should feel more impressed. But there appears to be no such person and in his absence I am afraid I must remain an unrepentant Resurrectionist.

THE RECENT REVIEWS

DICKENS IN 1858

By K. J. Fielding

I

So much has been written recently about Dickens in periodicals that the ordinary Dickensian may never read, that it has been suggested that a *résumé* of them might be useful in these pages. It may be presumptuous to try to compress another writer's conclusions into a few lines, but the attempt is made in order to draw attention to the original articles and to relate them one to another. It is also intended to discuss and criticise their conclusions, when appropriate, without pretending to produce a completely impartial summary.

I have been asked to begin this series, however, by a short account of some articles I have written myself. They are about the events which led up to Dickens's separation from his wife in 1858, they are all based on newly-discovered letters and papers, and they should at least modify the previously accepted opinions about "what happened at this time". The first was on "Dickens and the Hogarth Scandal", published in *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, June 1955; another, "Dickens and His Wife—Fact or Forgery," appeared in *Etudes Anglaises*, September 1955, and the third, "Dickens and the Royal Literary Fund—1858," was printed in the *Review of English Studies*, October 1955. The aim of all three was merely to present as clearly as possible what these newly-discovered documents had to tell.

The story of the separation has become much clearer in recent years. It is generally agreed that after a period of intense dissatisfaction and "restlessness," Dickens's differences with his wife came to a head early in May 1858. What caused the final break is not so clear, but it may have been the mis-delivery to Mrs. Dickens of a gift intended for Miss Ternan. On the disturbance that followed, Dickens left the house determined that the parting should be final. After negotiations lasting two or three weeks his wife was induced to agree to a legal separation and their married life came to an end. So far, the affair concerned nobody outside their family and would have attracted little notice even in Victorian days; but what then drew glaring attention was Dickens's personal "Address" explaining his actions, which was published in *Household Words* and the national press. The almost hysterical manner in which he asserted his innocence of unspecified charges left the impression of a man incapable of judging the consequences of his actions and concerned for nothing but his own good reputation.

Dickens was severely criticised at the time for making such a public statement, and no one has ever since given a satisfactory explanation of why he did so and why he was actually advised to make it by so responsible a friend as John Delane of *The Times*. In denying the scandals, "most grossly false, most monstrous, and most cruel—involving not only me, but innocent persons dear to my heart," he mentioned no names, and while later biographers

have thought that he meant Miss Ternan, earlier writers assumed that he was alluding to Georgina Hogarth. It has even been suggested that in order to cover up his associations with the first, he pretended to think that the gossip did not involve her but his sister-in-law. The second charge, it was supposed, he realised was too preposterous for anyone who mattered to believe, while the first was not implausible: there is, in fact, no depth to which some of his biographers have believed him incapable of sinking. Dickens, himself, must have explained the circumstances to some of his friends personally, but he never did so in writing, and it is only now that some of his private papers have come to light at the offices of his former solicitors that the true reason can be given.

The plain fact is that, as well as the gossip involving Miss Ternan, another charge that Georgina Hogarth was already with child by him was much more serious and widespread. Thackeray heard it and roused Dickens's anger by saying that he understood that it was an actress who was involved and not Miss Hogarth, but the story had already spread far beyond the London clubs. The new papers leave no doubt that this was the reason why Dickens was unable to do more than hint at the scandal, even to deny it. They show, moreover, that he was immovably convinced that the story had been started by his mother-in-law and other members of the Hogarth family, and that he was determined to do everything he could to stamp it out. It was not only his own reputation that he was concerned about. The Ternan story would probably have done him little permanent harm. But he was not only genuinely concerned for Miss Hogarth, but convinced that if the more damaging story were to spread much farther the whole family would suffer.

It was because of this that, when he heard that Mrs. Hogarth and one of her daughters were responsible for spreading the scandal, he refused to go on with the arrangements for the separation or to give his wife her allowance. The fair copy of the agreement was drawn up for final settlement on May 26th, but the same evening Dickens wrote to his solicitor: " It is right—as we agreed—that I should tell you that I received to-day, at first hand, from a very honorable and intelligent gentleman, information of Mrs. Hogarth's having repeated these smashing slanders to him in a concert Room, *since our negociations have been pending*. I do not tell you this in any anger, but simply that you may know the stern necessity of being relentless with her." He did not blame his wife, but only her mother, since he went on: " Pray do me the kindness to detach Mrs. Dickens from these wrongdoings *now*. I do not in the least suspect her of them, and I should wish her to know it. She has a great tenderness for me, and I sincerely believe would be glad to show it. I would not therefore add to her pain by a hair's breadth. It would be a pleasure to her (I think) to know that I had begun to trust her so far; and I believe that it would do her lasting good if you would convey that assurance to her."

Dickens had already made arrangements (on May 25th) to see that his own version of why he and Mrs. Dickens had separated

was put into private circulation. By entrusting his Reading manager, Arthur Smith, with a letter of explanation (later published by the *New-York Tribune*) he hoped that he could counter the gossip in the musical and theatrical circles in which it was most widespread and most harmful. He then went on to insist that Mrs. Hogarth should sign a statement retracting all she was alleged to have said. The Hogarths, it is only fair to say, denied that they were responsible for any of the slanders about Georgina, and offered a statement on those lines. Dickens's solicitor, however, replied that in view of their "disgusting and horrible nature," he could not "think it desirable that [they] should be written down even for purposes of denial." In reply he dictated a statement which, "after considerable discussion," the Hogarths eventually signed. This was the one dated May 29th and appended to the "Violated Letter" to Arthur Smith, which was published a few weeks later. But, just when the matter seemed settled, there was another flare-up on the refusal of the Hogarths' solicitor to hand over the statement until he had received the completed Deed of separation. Dickens wrote that he could not possibly assent to such terms:

> . . . His Proposal to hand you that paper "in exchange for the Deed when completed," has far too much the air of a bargain, and is not the way in which to do a simple act of justice that can be, at the best, but a most imperfect reparation of the great wrong and injury these two people have done.
>
> I must have that paper at once. I must have it in the course of Monday, or not at all. This is my conclusion, and Forster strongly agrees.

The Hogarths immediately gave way, and all that remained was for the Deed to be signed. There was some slight delay while their solicitors tried to trace Mrs. Dickens, and it was only on June 4th that the document was taken down for her to sign at Brighton. The arrangements were not finally completed until June 12th.

Such is the record of the family negotiations. Further papers show that the scandal Dickens had been most afraid of got into print almost at once. A minor, weekly periodical, *The Court Circular*, had some malicious allusions, and G. M. Reynolds, the author of *Pickwick Abroad*, made the most of his opportunity in *Reynolds' Weekly News*. It was obvious that a prosecution would have done more harm than good. A few months later, Dickens heard that the editor of the *Glasgow Bulletin* had returned from London saying that Georgina was the mother of several of his children; but after threatening prosecution, and receiving an abject denial and apology, Dickens decided it was better to leave the gossip to die out by itself.[1]

The new papers show Dickens in a much more creditable light, and they leave no doubt that he was justified in what he wrote as an explanation to his public, though it may have been unwise. They equally suggest that at the time of the separation he was not giving up his wife for Miss Ternan, even though she may have

[1] K. J. Fielding "Charles Dickens and Colin Rae Brown," *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, VII, 1952.

been the cause of his wife's jealousy. The slanders were, of course, as false as he declared them to be, but whether he was right in thinking that they were started by the Hogarths is another matter. Yet it seems likely that Mrs. Hogarth was one of the chief causes of the breakdown of her daughter's marriage, though most bitterly aggrieved at losing all the advantages of the connection with her son-in-law. Much remains to be discovered, especially about what Catherine Dickens and her family thought of the affair; yet, though nothing among the new papers has been found to tell us this, they do suggest that there is still something to be learnt from a document which has long been dismissed as a forgery.

Nearly twenty years ago there was a heated controversy among writers and experts on Dickens about the authenticity of what came to be known as the Stark-Thomson letter. This was a letter which was alleged to have been written by an aunt of Mrs. Dickens (named Helen Thomson) to a Mrs. Stark, a friend of the family, who lived in Glasgow. It gave a dramatic account of Mrs. Dickens's sufferings after the separation, and some outspoken comments on Dickens himself which no doubt represented the opinion of his wife's side of the family. The document seemed almost too good to be true, it told so much—but it was accepted without question in their biographies by Hugh Kingsmill, Dame Una Pope-Hennessy and Thomas Wright. In 1937, however, it was denounced as a forgery by Mr. Walter Dexter. He " exposed " it in *The Dickensian* showing that the address to which it was said to have been written did not exist and claiming that it could not have been written on the date given at the head of the copy everyone had seen. This seemed to be the end of the matter, especially when it came out that no one had ever seen the original. The full text of the letter, therefore, was never published, but known only to a small circle who saw copies taken from a transcript which had been sent to the late Mr. Ralph Straus.

An examination of one of these copies shows that the so-called " forger " evidently knew more about what had actually taken place than the experts who denounced him. To take only one example, he knew that Mrs. Dickens had retired to Brighton at the time of the negotiations and that her solicitor had had to go down there to get her to sign the Deed. Yet this fact (as far as anyone can tell) was unknown to anybody but members of the family or close friends at the time it took place, and it is almost impossible to believe that a forger, who had no better authorities to go on than Ley's edition of Forster's *Life* and the old edition of the *Letters* should have been able to get such details right. It was even more curious that, with all the names in the directory to choose from, he should have picked an address for " Mrs. Stark " which was not only non-existent but completely nonsensical. A more plausible supposition was that the copy was a poor transcript made by a bad speller who was particularly poor at reading proper names. There was evidence for this in the text. If this were right, it then followed that the Mrs. Stark to whom the letter was written probably lived at an address which might easily be mis-copied as the one given in the rejected transcript. Enquiry showed that this was perfectly correct.

The transcript gave Mrs. Stark's address as:

1 Vanbrugh Place, Links Leath, Glasgow—

while the only " Mrs. Stark " listed in the directory lived at

16 Newton Place, India Street, Glasgow.

Although these two are still dissimilar, a careless copyist, prepared to guess, might easily have put the first in place of the second. The writer in question, moreover, frequently mis-read " a " as " e " in proper names, making such a mistake more plausible. He was also, evidently, not a Scot. This being so, it seems likely that the date might have been mis-copied (30th of August for 20th), or, in spite of Dexter's claim that it could not have been written on that date, a closer study shows that it is just possible that it might have been. Without going into other reasons for believing that the letter is perfectly authentic, it is fair to say that the copy as it has come down to us was almost certainly made from a genuine original.

In this letter we have the opinions of the Hogarths on Catherine Dickens's " cruel trial . . . after 23 years of married life ! " According to the author, Mrs. Hogarth had agreed to sign the statement of retraction only after Mark Lemon had entreated her to do so and Charley Dickens had gone down " on his knees " to beg her to comply " in order that his poor mother might be released from all the anxious agitation of further delay." Mrs. Thomson evidently knew no more than she had heard from her sister or niece, and had no idea why Dickens had insisted on the document being signed. She was merely contemptuous about the stories about Miss Ternan: " As to the platonic attachment he has had the bad taste . . . to profess to a young actress," she wrote, " I can only compare it to ' the wicked fleeing where no man pursueth.' What has the public to do with what ought to be his private affairs ? "

She naturally thought that Georgina should have allied herself with the rest of the family, and should not have " weakened the defence of her sister " by taking Dickens's part. She resented the way in which Dickens had praised her so openly in the " Violated Letter," and declared that her help in bringing up the family had been greatly exaggerated.[1] " Georgina," she declared, " is an enthusiast, and worships him as a man of genius, and has quarrelled with all her relatives because they dare to find fault with him, saying, ' a man of genius ought not to be judged with the common herd of men.' She must bitterly repent when she recovers from her delusion . . . her vanity is no doubt flattered by his praise, but she has disappointed us all, as we thought her affectionate and disinterested."

Quite as important as Mrs. Thomson's comments is the long passage she quotes from a letter from Catherine Dickens, who had just been visited by some of her children on their holidays. It is entirely characteristic:

> " I need hardly tell you, dearest Aunt, how very happy I have been with my dear boys, although they were not allowed to remain with me as long as I wished, yet I think we all thoroughly enjoyed being together. Of course it was not all

[1] There is independent confirmation of this, unlikely to be known to a mere forger.

pleasure, as their presence at times brought bitter recollections and feelings to my mind; for indeed, dear friend, you will understand and feel for me when I tell you that I still love and think of their father too much for my peace of mind. I have been told that he has expressed a wish that we should meet in society, and be at least on friendly terms. Surely he cannot mean it, as I feel that if ever I were to see him by chance it would almost kill me; but to return to my boys. I cannot tell you how good and affectionate they were to me. One of them, little Sidney, was full of solicitude and anxiety about me, always asking what I should do when they were gone, and dear Charlie is so kind and gentle, and tried to cheer me. I trust by God's assistance to be able to resign myself to His will . . . but my position is a sad one, and time only may be able to blunt the keen pain that will throb at my heart, but I will indeed try to struggle hard against it."

No doubt, as she feared, Mrs. Dickens had been wrongly informed about her husband's desire to see her.

Mrs. Thomson had nothing good to say of Dickens: "The public have made an idol of him, and even the worshippers of a false deity are slow and unwilling to break their idol, but his sentimentality and professed benevolence are more resembling fairy tales than the philanthropy founded on a religious basis." She simply thought it as well for the family that he should keep up his popularity. Her letter was evidently written to keep the sympathy of family friends of the Hogarths and as a reply to the charges in the "Violated Letter," in the same way that Dickens was writing to his friends and supporters.

II

At the same time that these semi-private disputes were being conducted within the family, Dickens joined in a public controversy with the officers of the Royal Literary Fund. Their differences went back many years, and in 1855 Dickens had tried to capture control of the society.[1] Having failed to do so he had then attempted, year after year, to draw public attention to its failings. The full story of his struggles to raise "the dignity of literature," needs to be told separately. But as well as being a public cause, like almost everything else in Dickens's life at this time, it became mixed up with his private affairs.

There were a number of questions of principle which separated the majority of members of the Literary Fund from Dickens's party of "reformers," but the real line of cleavage was a social one. The governing body represented the "conservatives" who were comfortably aware that they had no need to depend on writing for a living and who wanted to run the society under aristocratic patronage, while on the other side were some of the pushing successful writers who felt that they stood for the middle-class radicalism of their readers. Since 1855 the dispute had become more and more bitter, and some of Dickens's former supporters, such as Thackeray, had gone over to join the contented

[1] See "Dickens and the Royal Literary Fund—1855," *Times Literary Supplement*, 15 and 22 Oct., 1954.

clubmen on the Committee. Thackeray's support in 1855, in fact, had merely been the result of a temporary truce, since he had been conducting a dispute about the " dignity of literature " with John Forster for years, and had always held the strongest reservations about the reformers' main assumption—that one could simultaneously be a professional writer and a gentleman.

The new account tells the full story of this dispute for the first time. But as well as being simply informative, it shows how strongly Dickens had managed to get himself disliked by a certain class. His attacks on society were beginning to have their effect, and a copy of a letter to Dickens in the records of the Royal Literary Fund shows how high the spirit of resentment ran among some of its more conservative members. Its author did not hesitate to hit where he knew it would hurt most, and, after opening his letter with a reference to Dickens's address in *Household Words* in which he had appealed to his " known character as some evidence in my favour," he went on: " I must confess I do not feel the weight and importance of your denial, as my general knowledge of your character induced me to believe that certain obnoxious rumours against you were true when I heard them about ten days ago, at the corner of every street and in every social circle. . . . As long as your treacherous insinuations against the Literary Fund remain unretracted, you must excuse me if I decline to attach the slightest value to any assertions you may make concerning what effects your own interest."

The author was Newton Crosland (1819-99), who was evidently proud enough of his composition to present a copy of it to the Secretary of the society to be kept with its other papers. No doubt he referred to the scandals about Miss Hogarth as well as Miss Ternan, and it is a further proof of the extent of their circulation.

* * * * *

Another article which has been published recently on Dickens's disputes and activities in 1858 is " Dickens versus Thackeray: the Garrick Club Affair," by Professor Gordon N. Ray (PMLA. LXIX, September 1954). This is a valuable re-examination of what happened when Dickens supported Edmund Yates on Thackeray's demand for his expulsion from the club. It is important because it goes behind the account given by Yates in his *Recollections and Experiences*, and makes use of some illuminating new diaries and letters. But though Professor Ray is no doubt right in believing that most biographies of Dickens are heavily weighted in his favour, almost all his conclusions are similarly biased in support of Thackeray.

Thackeray's letters show that he could never think of Dickens except as a rival. They are full of remarks showing his uneasy dislike, which he would have been heartily ashamed to have generally known. There is nothing in Dickens's correspondence, on the other hand, which can be interpreted as evidence of the arrogance and jealousy with which Professor Ray believes he regarded Thackeray. Dickens is scorned for not accepting the vicious scandals that followed the separation as a necessary " inconvenience," while Thackeray is excused for withering under

completely imaginary slights. Strange play is made of some roundabout remarks of the fraudulent Edwin James, and while much is unfavourably implied of the way in which Dickens used the whole affair to "stab a rival in the back," there is no hint of disapproval at Thackeray's indiscretion in interfering with Dickens's family affairs. At the time of the separation he was ostentatiously friendly to Mrs. Dickens and Charley, and seems to have passed on to his daughter all the latest scandal about Ellen and Georgina. What is, perhaps, most remarkable is that Charley Dickens, himself, wrote an anonymous squib about Edmund Yates which was published by *Punch*—and that everyone knew he was the author. It is not at all surprising that his father should thereupon have withdrawn his son's name from the Garrick Club's "proposal list"; but it would be very interesting to know exactly what Professor Ray means by saying, "There are hints that Charles Jr. was later made to pay for his offence in ways more damaging." Charley Dickens was always weak-willed, and by making use of him his father's rivals seem to have taken the meanest advantage they could. One remembers how sensitive Thackeray was about his daughters.

Unfortunately it is difficult to make out the rights and wrongs of the dispute, and in spite of all the valuable new evidence Professor Ray has brought forward much is still obscure. A greater allowance, however, might have been made for the way in which, as well as being a contest between two rivals, the affair was a dispute between the leaders of two literary factions. Quite naturally the members of the *Punch* staff supported their publishers and Thackeray, himself; and the venomous little references to Dickens that have now been unearthed from Henry Silver's diary are thoroughly partisan. Silver was an old *Punch* man, and being so biased they tell us as much about the *Punch* staff as they do about Dickens. At this time they were far from being the steady, respectable conservative believers in convention that they developed into in twenty or thirty years' time, but according to F. C. Burnand were a dissolute collection of bohemians, "not drunkards . . . not Teetotallers . . . simply Boozers." They were not well informed about the circumstances of the separation, and were in no position to criticise Dickens.

Nothing of what is written here in defence of Dickens should be taken to imply approval of Edmund Yates. Yet it is clear that Dickens genuinely thought he owed him his support as a debt of friendship and did not merely take him up in order to attack Thackeray. Much more might be said of the dispute, but one especially wonders whether, if Professor Ray had known that Dickens had been so viciously accused of adultery with Miss Hogarth he would have concluded by describing his fight "to maintain his self-respect," simply as "a fearful compulsion" which he indulged "whatever the cost might be to others"?

[1] G. S. Layard, *A Great "Punch" Editor: Sherley Brook*, 1907, p. 251.

A *PICKWICK* LAWSUIT IN 1837

By William J. Carlton

IN his valuable and entertaining book, *Charles Dickens in Chancery*, 1914, Mr. E. T. Jaques gave a full account of the legal proceedings instituted by Dickens against several London publishers whom he considered to have infringed his copyright in *A Christmas Carol*. "The pirates had been at work," wrote Mr. Jaques, "ever since *Pickwick* had made Dickens the most popular writer of the day, but he did nothing but rage and grumble until the *Carol* fell into their clutches. Then his wrath boiled over."

But if Dickens himself took no action against the plagiarists before 1844, neither he nor his publishers had remained indifferent to their activities. What was perhaps the earliest of the many attempts to imitate "the inimitable Boz" was made while the original monthly parts of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* were in course of publication by Chapman & Hall. Here is G. A. Sala's version of the episode: "When the popularity of the 'Pickwick Papers' was at its height, it occurred to a wretched bookseller in Bloomsbury . . . that although the publication of the work was protected by the then existing (although very imperfect) copyright laws, a good stroke of business might be done by mutilating, forging, and parodying Charles Dickens, and accordingly the 'Penny Pickwick' appeared in weekly numbers, written by some gutter-blood hack,[1] and illustrated in the first style of Seven Dials art. Forced by an injunction to remove the title of 'Pickwick' from the rag he had put forth, the publisher continued his forgery under some name which I am glad to forget, and in which the exquisitely humorous creations of Dickens were vilely distorted and mangled. This disgraceful fabrication had an enormous sale."[2]

The Penny Pickwick: the Post-Humorous Notes of the Pickwickian Club claimed to be "edited by Bos, with engravings by Phis," and purported to describe the adventures of certain members of the Pickwick Club, among them being Christopher Pickwick, Percy Tupnall, Arthur Snodgreen and Matthew Winkletop. It was issued in weekly parts of eight pages, each with a pictorial wrapper bearing the imprint of E. Lloyd, 44 Wych Street, Strand, and later of 62 Broad Street, Bloomsbury. There were also monthly parts at 4d. each and the whole was subsequently re-issued in two volumes. A description of this publication will be found in *The Dickensian*, vol. 22 (1926), pp. 153-156.

On 3 June 1837 a Bill of Complaint was filed in the Vice-Chancellor's Court on behalf of Edward Chapman and William Hall, 186, Strand, "booksellers, publishers and copartners in trade," setting out their case against Edward Lloyd and applying for an injunction to restrain him from printing, publishing or selling any more copies of *The Penny Pickwick*. They declared that "in or about the month of April 1836" they began to publish *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, "a periodical

[1] In his "Hints to Dickens Collectors" J. F. Dexter wrote: "Most of the piracies were written, I believe, by a Mr. J. P. Prest and published by one Lloyd who, I have heard it stated (but with what truth I know not), was the founder of *Lloyd's Weekly News*" (*Dickens Memento*, 1885, p. 19).

[2] G. A. Sala, *Charles Dickens* (1870), pp. 74-75.

work consisting entirely of original matter," that they had incurred and were still incurring great trouble and expense in connection with this publication, and that they had paid and were under engagement to pay large sums of money " both to the person who is employed to write the contents of the said work and also to the artists who are employed to furnish etchings or engravings for each number of the same." They had printed and sold many thousands of each number, had thereby made great gains and profits, and expected and believed that they should continue to derive great gains and profits from the numbers to be published thereafter.

The defendant, they complained, had caused placards to be circulated and set up in which he had announced the publication by himself of *The Penny Pickwick* edited by Bos, and had caused similar advertisements to be published in newspapers and otherwise, in some of which he had copied or imitated the style and form of the letters in which the word Pickwick was printed on the title or cover of their own publication, and in others had placed the word Pickwick in the most conspicuous part of the advertisement. They had requested the defendant to refrain from printing and publishing *The Penny Pickwick*, but he, " combining and confederating with divers persons at present unknown . . . absolutely refuses to comply with such your Orators' just and reasonable request."[1]

Edward Lloyd, in his answer to the Bill, while admitting the truth of most of the statements in it, denied that the names of " Boz " and " Phiz " originated with Chapman & Hall, pointing out that they had been used previously to designate the author or editor and engraver of other works and engravings, and in particular that the name " Boz " had been used to designate the author of *Sketches by Boz*, published by John Macrone. He denied that in any of the advertisements of *The Penny Pickwick* he had copied or imitated the style or form of the letters in which the word Pickwick was printed on the title or cover of the complainants' publication, but admitted that in others he had placed the word Pickwick in the most conspicuous part of the advertisement. He believed it to be impossible that anyone should be misled into purchasing *The Penny Pickwick* under the belief that it was the same as or a copy of the work published by Chapman & Hall.

The case was heard in the Vice-Chancellor's Court by Sir Lancelot Shadwell[2] on 8 June 1837. Counsel for the plaintiffs were T. J. Knight and James (afterwards Sir James) Bacon, while L. Wigram and F. P. Walesby were retained for the defence,[3]

[1] P.R.O. C13-2721.

[2] Sir Lancelot Shadwell (1779-1850), the last Vice-Chancellor of England, was appointed to that office on 31 Oct. 1827 and presided in his court for nearly 23 years. A learned and able judge, with a handsome presence, he was a universal favourite with the Bar and the public for his courtesy and kindness. He was in the habit of bathing in the Thames every day, whatever the weather, and is said to have once granted an injunction during the Long Vacation whilst still in the water.

[3] Counsel on both sides were to make their mark in later life. Thomas John Knight (1805-1870) become Chairman of Quarter Sessions in Jamaica 1841-44, and Judge of Common Pleas. He afterwards practised in Hobart, Tasmania, where he became a member of the House of Assembly, Solicitor-General, and Attorney-General. Sir James Bacon (1798-1895) appeared for Dickens when he applied successfully, in January 1844, for an injunction against the plagiarists of *A Christmas Carol*. He was Vice-Chancellor 1870-76, was knighted in 1871, and was made a Privy Councillor in 1886. Loftus Tottenham Wigram (1803-1889), M.P for Cambridge University 1850-59, was Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn in 1865. Francis Pearson Walesby (1798-1858), Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford 1829-34, was Recorder of Woodstock 1845-58.

and *The Times* next day carried a long report of the proceedings. Mr. Knight, for the plaintiffs, said the case was not one of copyright, but of fraudulent imitation. The publication for which he appeared had enjoyed for many months past a great and highly merited popularity, and had contributed much to the entertainment of a very large portion of His Majesty's subjects, though he believed this was the first instance in which it had been brought judicially under His Honour's attention.

Mr. Wigram said he believed the case of " Bardell *v.* Pickwick " had never been cited as a legal authority. (A laugh.)

Mr. Knight did not recollect that it ever had, though it was tolerably well known among the profession. The popularity of the work was so extensive that it had been considered useful, on the part of those who were not over fastidious as to the mode by which they increased their property at the expense of their neighbours, to adopt the title and outward marks of the publication, and to avail themselves of popularity not by invading the copyright but by such a colourable imitation of the title, and of the names and distinguishing features, as was very well calculated to deceive unwary purchasers . . . Although there were some alterations in the names and characteristics of the defendant's publication, such alterations were merely colourable, and made for the sole purpose of disguising the fraud. The affidavit of Mr. Chapman verified a copy of the book, which had been bought at the defendant's shop in Wych Street, which the learned counsel designated as the Paternoster Row of publications of that sort. He then read the defendant's affidavit, filed in reply, maintaining that in publishing *The Penny Pickwick* he had not sought to interfere with the plaintiffs' publication, that the two works were in every respect dissimilar, and that he had never intended to deceive the public or induce a belief that one publication was the same as the other.

The Vice-Chancellor, having examined the two publications, remarked that when the subject was mentioned to him a few days ago he did not observe any engravings in the original work corresponding with the frontispiece in the work complained of.

Mr. Knight said that the most prominent and interesting features of the worthy gentleman whose misfortunes had excited so much sympathy (a laugh), were closely copied. These were the spectacles, the stomach, and the short gaiters. (Laughter.) Mr. Pickwick was represented standing in one place on a chair, and in the other on a tub, the chief distinction being that while the original portrayed him in his favourite attitude, holding back the skirts of his coat with his left hand, the copy made him with one hand down, and with the other sawing the air, perhaps for an oratorical display. It was observable that in both cases where Mr. Pickwick filled the duties of the chair he was represented smoking his pipe. (Laughter.) The learned counsel then submitted that if a manufacturer who made use of a particular mark to designate goods of an ordinary description acquired a property in the mark, and was protected in its use, no reason could be alleged why the designating characters of a literary work should not have the same privilege. Going back to the time of Addison,

by way of illustration, surely there could be no doubt if after the *Spectator* had acquired its great popularity an attempt had been made to use its name with a Latin motto under a mere colourable distinction, the proprietor would have been protected by law. If the editor of the *Tatler*, which was published soon afterwards, had assumed the name of " Isaac Bickerstaff "; or if in later times, after the novels of *Old Mortality* or the *Bride of Lammermoor* had attained their highest popularity, the names of any of the chief characters had been adopted in another, could it be said for a moment there was no legal remedy ? In this case not only were the names of the principal characters assumed with a colourable alteration, but also the editor and illustrator of the magazine; and the only question was, whether there could be any doubt entertained of the defendant's intention. The plaintiffs' publication had obtained an almost incredibly extensive circulation, and as it was now the fashion to publish the works of eminent authors in a very cheap form, nothing was more likely than that unobserving persons would be induced to purchase the imitated work in a cheap form which would very much prejudice the property of the plaintiff. He therefore trusted the Court, viewing this as a fraudulent simulation of the designating characters of another's goods, would lend its assistance by injunction to protect the plaintiffs' property.

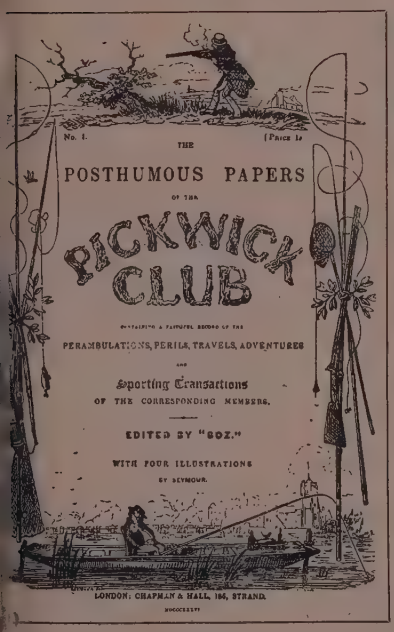
Mr. Bacon followed on the same side, but *The Times* did not record his remarks.

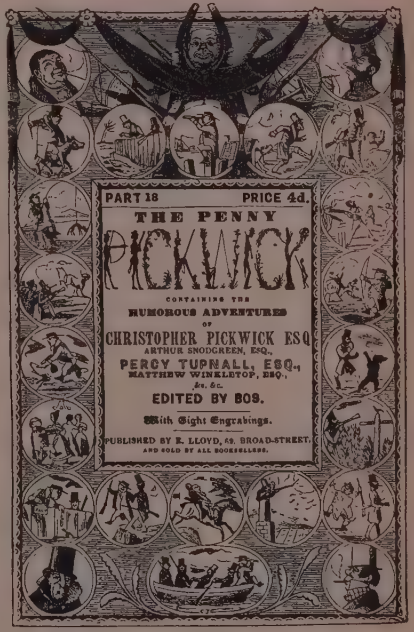
The Vice-Chancellor, without calling on defending counsel, said that when the case came before him on a former day, he entertained great doubt whether there was so much similarity between the outward marks which demonstrated the defendant's work and the designating characters of the plaintiffs' publication, as to justify his interfering in a summary manner; and for that reason he had directed notice to be given. He did not now think a sufficient case had been made out to allow him to interfere, unless the plaintiffs should, by bringing an action, establish that there had been an infringement of their right, and damage sustained. It appeared to him that the two works were so exceedingly dissimilar that nothing but the grossest ignorance and unobservance on the part of persons intending to purchase a work which had delighted the world for nearly a year could allow them to purchase the other. He was of opinion the dissimilarity was the point which ought to be looked at more than any other, and in that respect he could not conceive it possible the most ordinary person could be deceived. Looking at the outward covers of the two publications, no person who had ever seen the original could imagine the other to be anything else than a counterfeit, bearing no resemblance to the thing it was intended to imitate.

In his opinion there was nothing whatever to lay hold of except the mode in which the fancifully made word " Pickwick " was formed, and which, it must be admitted, had some resemblance to the name used in the plaintiffs' work; but even in this respect there was a considerable difference, one being printed in a curved form, and the other in a straight line. The plaintiffs' publication also had a peculiar ornament both at the top and round the sides,

which was not to be found in the defendant's. It therefore appeared to him there was nothing by which the two publications could be connected, except merely the words "Pickwick" and "Boz," which he considered a very poor circumstance indeed. He admitted, on a closer inspection of the works, there would appear some sort of imitation in the style of wit, as well as in the invention of words, but the defendant's publication appeared to him, on the face of it, to be a very poor and meagre work compared with the plaintiffs'.

Cases of this description had already been before the Court. He





Covers of the Genuine and Spurious Issues of *Pickwick*

(*The Penny Pickwick* cover is reproduced by courtesy of Mr. F. S. Bradburn.)

recollected, when Sir T. Plumer[1] was Vice-Chancellor, an application was made of this nature. A person had obtained the copyright of two of Moore's songs, "Fly not yet," and another, the title of which he did not recollect, but in which the words "Take this cup with wine o'erflowing" occurred at the beginning of the first stanza, and the imitation took place in this way: anyone observing, if he might use the expression, not only the metre, but also the rhythm, would see the stanzas were so contrived in the imitated song, that were you to hear it sung without attentively

[1] Sir Thomas Plumer (1753-1824) was appointed the first Vice-Chancellor of England on 10 April 1813, and after presiding in his Court for nearly five years was promoted Master of the Rolls.

listening to the words, or perhaps listening and not receiving more reward for listening than often happened (a laugh), the difference between it and the original would not be perceived. If hummed or sung in a general way, everyone would suppose the second was the same as the first; and when you looked at them you saw many of the final words in Moore's songs were introduced as the final words in the corresponding lines in the other. The whole plan of the two songs was evidently the same—that is, one was copied from the other, but at the same time there was a clear and manifest distinction.

When the application was made to Sir T. Plumer on behalf of the owner of the copyright of Moore's songs, he refused to interfere, saying that if there was a right at all it must be established by law, or rather the injury to the plaintiff must be proved by succeeding in an action at law. He considered this to be a case of precisely the same kind, and before the Court could interfere it must know the result of any action he would give the plaintiff leave to bring.

Mr. Knight did not know whether the matter was worth bringing an action. It was evident there had been a fraudulent attempt—

Mr. Wigram objected to such an observation now the case had been decided.

His Honour observed that he did not think it possible anyone could be deceived in the two publications. The plaintiff's was really a very valuable production.

Mr. Wigram said he had derived great entertainment from reading it, and he thought the very excellence of the work was the strongest argument that could be used against the present application.

Mr. Knight said he would accept the liberty given by the Court to bring an action.

The Vice-Chancellor then directed the case to stand over, with liberty to the plaintiff to bring such action as he should be advised.

Nothing more seems to have been done by Dickens or his publishers with a view to seeking legal redress against Lloyd, who continued to publish with impunity plagiarisms of Dickens's works under such titles as *The Life and Adventures of Oliver Twiss* (1839), *Nicholas Nickelbery* (1840), *Mister Humfries' Clock* (1840), and *Barnaby Budge* (1841). He founded *Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper* in 1842 and made a fortune as the proprietor of many other popular newspapers. Although Chapman & Hall's application for an injunction was not successful, they may well have decided to rest content with what was after all a resounding moral victory. The judge's tribute to *Pickwick* as "a work which had delighted the world for nearly a year," and defending counsel's admission that he had derived great entertainment from reading it, must have been particularly gratifying to the young author whose name was not even mentioned throughout the proceedings.

ENTER *OUR MUTUAL FRIEND*

By Malcolm Morley

ISSUED in monthly numbers from May, 1864, to November, 1865, *Our Mutual Friend* was Dickens's last completed novel. There seems to have been no attempt on his part to secure the patchwork protection afforded against play thieves by the publication of a text professing to be his own dramatisation of the story. Such a method he had employed previously to prevent unauthorised adaptations of *Great Expectations* and *A Message from the Sea* from being given in the theatre. The market was open, as it were, for one and all to take from *Our Mutual Friend*, yet no stage version of the novel appeared on the horizon until six months after the monthly numbers had ended.

Mrs. John Wood

Courtesy: Victoria and Albert Museum

The first adaptation to appear was at the Olympic Theatre, New York, on June 4th, 1866, where *Our Mutual Friend*, by George Fawcett Rowe, anticipated by twelve days a version by H. B. Farnie in London. Rowe, a peripatetic Australian, elected to play Silas Wegg himself, although the character of the one-legged vendor of ballads and apples proved somewhat ineffective in performance. The wily Silas was to predominate more in dramatisations to come.

In the company at the Olympic was Mrs. John Wood as Bella Wilfer. Of English theatrical stock, coming from the family of Vining, she acquired fame in America as a high-spirited comedienne of glowing personality. After Bella Wilfer the actress came to London and was seen that same year as Miggs, in her father's adaptation of *Barnaby Rudge*. Between England and America she alternated. In London, twice lessee of the St. James's Theatre, she later went into management at the Court in Sloane Square. Her reign there was noted for a series of successful farces by a young playwright, A. W. Pinero. Those farces, typified in *Dandy Dick* and *The Magistrate* have become classics of their kind.

To return to New York, others in the cast of *Our Mutual Friend* were Mrs. G. H. Gilbert as Mrs. Wilfer, George C. Boniface as Eugene Wrayburn, J. B. Studley as Rogue Riderhood and J. W.

Albaugh as John Harmon. The piece was given again in that city at Banvard's Theatre on December 21st, 1867. Albaugh was still on the playbill but with the part of Riderhood doubled with that of Harmon. His wife, Mary Mitchell, appeared as Bella. The two went into management the following year at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, and the Rowe dramatisation was prominent on their list of productions. As touring stars they afterwards visited a number of towns with *Our Mutual Friend* as a favourite drama in their repertory.

It may be said that Dickens gave tacit approval to the earliest adaptation of the novel brought out in London which was *The Golden Dustman*, described as a drama in a Prologue and four Acts, by Henry Brougham Farnie, at Sadlers Wells on June 16th, 1866. The production was the first theatrical venture of William Henry Codrington Nation, an enthusiast who was to dabble much in playhouses. Sadlers Wells, but lately the home of the renowned tragedian Samuel Phelps, must have had great appeal to him. For eighteen years Phelps had held control there, producing the while much classic drama, including thirty-four of Shakespeare's works, a number only exceeded by the Old Vic of more recent date. The twenty-three year old Nation, not unblessed with wealth, was to rent Astley's Amphitheatre, then the Charing Cross and the Royalty Theatres. Rather suddenly his managerial activities ceased and for over thirty years he kept away from the footlights. In 1906 this enthusiast returned to the theatre, an out-dated impresario. He resumed his dabbling in playhouses, renting one after the other, indifferent of financial returns which sank lower and lower, until they reached what must have been the nadir of any London Box Office. But W.H.C.N. was as enthusiastic in later life as he was when a novice at Sadlers Wells.

At the first performance *The Golden Dustman* played for four and a half hours. When the piece ended at 11-30, Barrett the stage manager) who had also played Boffin) made a speech apologising for its length. He said that it had been impossible to tell beforehand the time it would take and in consequence the burlesque *Papillonette*, which was scheduled to follow it would be curtailed. His apology, weak as it was, appeased the restive audience. At ensuing performances many of the long conversations in the play were cut out completely. Faithful as they were to the text of the novel they were in the nature of narrations and lacking the action necessary on the stage. It was a noticeable improvement and the drama had a considerable measure of success both at Sadlers Wells and elsewhere. In the original cast were Thomas Swinbourne as John Harmon, William McIntyre as Rogue Riderhood, Fanny Gwynne as Bella and Ada Dyas as Lizzie Hexham. Charles Warner was criticised as being too vigorous a Bradley Headstone but George Belmore was praised for his " quiet humour combined with intenseness" as Silas Wegg. Belmore, a member of the noted family of that name, was an actor in Dickensian mould. As low comedian (farceur would be a better description) he had followed Toole at the Adelphi, where he romped through farce after farce. Later he developed a quality of rugged pathos which greatly extended his range and proved his versatility. In

Burnand's *The Deal Postman* he played Jacob Vance (a Dan'l Peggotty part) and brought tears to the eyes of Drury Lane audiences. It was the same when he appeared as the veritable Dan'l in the Halliday version of *David Copperfield*. Betsey Prig, Grandfather Trent, Bintry, and Sam Weller were among the parts he played; the last at the Lyceum, where Henry Irving, rapidly rising to the top of his profession, was the Jingle. But life was not always in the ascendant for Belmore. Worried about his circumstances and in serious financial straights, he portrayed Newman Noggs in Halliday's *Nicholas Nickleby* at the Adelphi in March, 1875. It was to be his last appearance in London. Leaving the cast after four months, a weary and sick man surrounded by debt, he thought to retrieve his fortune in America. There illness overcame him and, shortly after his arrival, he died at the comparatively early age of forty-seven.

George Belmore
as Sam Weller
Courtesy: Victoria and Albert Museum

The Golden Dustman remained in the bill at Sadlers Wells until the end of Nation's brief term tenancy. When he leased Astley's the play was revived there on October 27th, 1866, with a completely different cast. Silas Wegg was now played by Edward Atkins, Boffin by W. H. Stephens, Headstone by James Fernandez, John Harmon by Walter Joyce and Riderhood by T. C. Harris. Fanny Gwynne was switched from Bella Wilfer to Lizzie Hexham while the former rôle was taken by Nelly Nesbett. Preceding the adaptation was a farce, *Blue Devils*, and following was another *Nothing to Nurse;* a matter of playing the audience in and out, to use the vernacular of that time.

For a decade or more *The Golden Dustman* served the provincial and suburban playhouses. It was revived at the Surrey on March 9th, 1878, with William McIntyre, a popular villain both North and South of the Thames, again acting Riderhood. With him were A. C. Lilly, a flamboyant juvenile, as Headstone and the drolly-mannered Watty Brunton as Mr. Boffin. H. B. Farnie, the adapter, was then at the beginning of his theatrical work, which was mostly to be translating and, it might be said, purging the libretti of French musical works for home consumption. During a generation or more the English theatre clung to his battered versions of the Offenbach, Lecocq, and other Continental operas.

On July 16th, 1866, an adaptation of *Our Mutual Friend* was produced at the Britannia; the house dramatist, C. H. Hazlewood, naming his effort *The Dustman's Treasure; or, Wegg and the Boffins*. Though a much shorter piece than the one by Farnie, it was less effective. The "Sensation Scene", a feature of productions at the Brit, was the Lock where the struggling Headstone and Riderhood, enacted by W. Morton and Robert Bell, fall into the stream and where Lizzie Hexham, in the person of Sophie Miles, rows across the water to rescue the submerged Eugene Wrayburn, played by R. Leslie. The leading man of the stock company, Joseph Reynolds, impersonated Silas Wegg, a performance he was to repeat when the play was revived at the same theatre seventeen years later, August 27th, 1883, on which occasion the still active little tragedian J. B. Howe was John Harmon.

The third dramatisation of the story given in London was *The Dustman's Golden Mound; or, The Will of John Harmon in the Old Dutch Bottle*, at the Marylebone on August 11th, 1866. It had been put together by Felix Rogers in order that he and his wife, Jenny Willmore, might be seen as Silas Wegg and Lizzie Hexham. After a week the play was heard no more and Rogers sailed for the United States where he appeared in other Dickens dramatisations attributed to him. He was also the author of some preposterous melodramas which were inflicted from time to time upon the patient, or impatient public. In one of them, *The Double Marriage* at the Adelphi, he combined the rôles of the romantic hero and a comic servant, hurling defiance to all and sundry in the first, and indulging in song and dance in the second. The evening was a complete fiasco; audible and caustic criticism came from the front and the drama-cum-farce, intended for a long run, lasted for that night only.

Next to appear in town was the G. F. Rowe adaptation from America having a new title in *Found Drowned; or, Our Mutual Friend*. This was given at the recently opened Opera Comique on December 26th, 1870, where it ran until the following February 25th. The new playhouse was at the back of the Strand and approached by interminable underground passages. People had literally to burrow their way into the house which they, not inappropriately, named the Theatre Royal Tunnels. A veritable fire trap, the place survived until demolished thirty years later to make way for the construction of Aldwych and Kingsway. It was at the Opera Comique that the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were launched with *The Sorcerer*, when the theatre was under the management of Richard D'Oyly Carte.

Rowe had made some revisions to his Dickens drama and instead of playing Silas Wegg, as he did originally, took over the two characters of John Harmon and Rogue Riderhood, carefully differentiating between them and scoring in both. But it was as Micawber, in which he had previously been seen in London and New York, that the playwright-actor came closer to the conception of the novelist. Others in the cast at the Opera Comique were Miss Ernstone (a favourite actress of Dickens) as Lizzie Hexham, Rose Lisle as Bella Wilfer, John Nelson as Headstone

and Samuel Emery as Boffin. Inversely with Rowe's change of rôles, William McIntyre, the Riderhood of other productions, now played Silas Wegg. There was much comment on the first night because his wooden leg was missing. What a vital omission ! At the second performance it was there to impede the actor but to lend more verisimilitude to the part.

Another dramatisation in the United States was *Gold Dust* by the veteran John Brougham. Most of the Dickens's adaptations by Brougham, who might be considered the Halliday of America, had been successful, notably his *Dombey and Son* and *Bleak House*. But *Gold Dust* was an out and out failure. Produced at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on December 4th, 1871, it did not even cross the East River to New York, the biggest theatrical centre in North America. The unctious Brougham was not at his best as the mild Mr. Boffin and the players in support were mostly second rate. There is a stage tradition that any play with the word gold included in the title loses gold. So it was with the Brougham work.

Back in England it should be noted that two plays have several times been recorded as adaptations of *Our Mutual Friend*. These are *Found Drowned*, a melodrama at the Effingham in the East End of London in 1865 and *The Dustman's Find*, by J. L. Featherstone at the Belfast Opera House in 1903. Neither has the slightest connection with Dickens or the novel.

Mr. Boffin's Secretary, by I. M. Pagan and *Our Mutual Friend* by Henriette R. Shattuck are published plays taken from the novel, and presumably have been performed somewhere outside the strictly professional orbit. Others in print are more in the nature of sketches; *Jenny Wren*, by C. Fulton and *The Doll's Dressmaker*, by Mary Farrah.

More recent dramatisations have not been wanting. Among them are *Our Mutual Friend*, by Tom Mason at St. John's Hall, Palmer's Green, February 7th, 1933, and *The Man from Somewhere*, by Gladys Waterer given at Broadstairs, October 20th, 1954.

Few particulars are available of the Russian adaptation acted in Moscow in 1950 where we are told it proved very popular.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

Kindly grant me a little space in which to express my high appreciation of the honour paid me at the Dickens House on the occasion of my ninetieth birthday, when I was enabled to meet so many old Dickensian friends and to talk over old times.

I was deeply gratified by the hospitality of Miss Minards and the wonderful cake with its ninety candles, by the gift, from Miss Matz, of a Fellowship badge that had been her father's, and of the gift, by the assembled company, of Edgar Johnson's *Life of Dickens*.

It all came as a delightful surprise to me and I shall treasure the memory of the occasion as long as life lasts. I take this opportunity to thank most warmly all those who had any share in it.

A. W. Edwards.

THE NEW OXFORD ILLUSTRATED DICKENS

This fine edition, commenced at the end of World War II, is brought very near to the completion of Dickens's major works by the recent inclusion of *Hard Times*, the fifteenth volume to appear.

The virtues of the edition are a fine clear type, an admirable lightness in the hand, and the original plates newly and beautifully reproduced. The Introductions are by different hands, some excellent. But, as was emphasised by the late Humphry House, they lack a co-ordination which might have been imposed with advantage.

The Introduction to *Hard Times* is provided by Mr. Dingle Foot, an obvious choice, if a political figure is required to deal it. Mr. Foot's exposition, if not sensationally new, serves its purpose well enough, but when he leaves the pages of this work, patently so congenial to him, for the broader realms of Dickens, he makes some astonishing statements. " In all probability," he opines, " Serjeant Buzfuz was Serjeant Ballantyne." The latter had been at the bar about three years when *Pickwick* appeared. " We cannot tell," he goes on, " who were the originals of . . . or Mrs. Gamp." We have, of course, an explicit statement to the contrary from the hand of Dickens himself. David Copperfield is stated to have worked in a blacking factory, and Martin Chuzzlewit is " saved from penury by his opportune meeting with the Cheeryble Brothers." Stick to *Hard Times*, Mr. Foot. L. C. S.

Dr. LIVINGSTON STEBBINS, L.H.D.

An interesting ceremony was held recently at Lesley College, Cambridge, Mass., when Mr. Livingston Stebbins, President of the Boston, Mass., Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, received the degree of Doctor of the More Humane Letters, *in honoris causa*, in recognition of his notable benefactions to the College. Among these is the provision of a Dickens Corner in the college library. Dr. Stebbins was also presented with his portrait in oils by Bernard Keyes, the gift of Lesley Friends. We offer our most cordial congratulations.

RECENT DICKENSIANA

" Some Unpublished Correspondence of Dickens and Chapman & Hall," Gerald G. Grubb. *Studies in English*, Vol. I, 1955, Boston, Mass. Univ.

" Sherlock Homes and the *Edwin Drood* Mystery," Nathan L. Bengis. *The Baker Street Journal*, January.

" Dickens and His Wife—Fact or Forgery," K. J. Fielding. *Etudes Anglaises*, September.

" R. H. Barham and Dickens's Clergyman in *Oliver Twist*," Wm. G. Lane. *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, September.

" Dickens and His Times," a sermon at Southwark Cathedral. Dr. N. R. Bishop. *Over the Bridge*, September.

" Dickens and the Royal Literary Fund—1858," K. J. Fielding, *Review of English Studies*, October.

" The Piracy of *Great Expectations*," K. J. Fielding. *Notes and Queries*, November.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Brief contributions are invited for this page. Press cuttings not acceptable.

The Dickens Fellowship Players

The Dramatic Section at Headquarters opened the new season with a performance, in October, of scenes and sketches from Dickens, in aid of the choir fund of St. James's Church, Alperton, and this is to be followed by another in aid of The Polio Society, at Ealing. Should any member be acquainted with a worthy charity which might welcome our assistance, it would be appreciated if they would get into touch with the Hon. Secretary of the Players, Miss D. Day, 22 Avenue Road, Norbury, S.W.16. We should also be glad to hear from any member who would like to join in our work. D.D.

South-East Regional Group

The inaugural meeting of the S.E. Regional Group was held at Dickens House, London, on September 3rd. Members attended from the Portsmouth, Rochester, St. Pancras, and Southend Branches, and letters of regret were received from Broadstairs and Eastbourne. Mrs. D. Stock, Hon. Secretary of the Portsmouth Branch, the convening branch of the Group, presided, and was later elected Hon. Secretary. It was decided that the latter office should not be subject to annual election as was that of Chairman. It was further decided that there should be an annual council meeting in London in September, and an annual half-day Group Conference in April to which all members would be invited. The Group Conference would be held at the invitation of the Branch of the Chairman for the year. Thus that for 1956 would be held at Portsmouth. D.S.

The following changes in Hon. Secretaries have taken place and the Fellowship desires to offer its thanks to those retiring and its best wishes to those now appointed. At Philadelphia Mr. Nevelle Ogelsby is succeeded by Miss Emily Hunter, at Winnipeg, Mrs. D. G. Sutherland is succeeded by Mrs. P. S. H. Murphy, at Marinette, Mrs. J. Whitford, Jnr., is succeeded by Mrs. Earl Heath, and at Wellington Mrs. Kirton is succeeded by Miss E. C. Smyth.

A cordial welcome to Britain is extended to Miss G. Osborne and Miss M. Thomas of Sydney, Mrs. A. L. Wayles of Vancouver, and Mr. Nevelle Ogelsby and Miss Helen Ramsey of Philadelphia.

OBITUARY

We regret to announce the death of Mr. James McCurrach of Chicago, of Mr. Francis R. C. Steele of Boston, Mass., of Mr. E. A. Rathmell Wilson of Headquarters, of Dr. Armand J. Gerson, Vice-President of the Philadelphia Branch, and author of *These Dickens Folk*, of Mr. James G. Hays and Mr. Clifford Claney of Pittsburg and Miss Bastable of Birmingham.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

A movement is on foot to establish a Dumas Society in England. Anyone interested should write to Mr. A. Craig Bell, 39 Skipton Road, Ilkley, Yorks.

THE DICKENS HOUSE

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1954.

1953.	LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	The Dickens Fellowship—		
—	Loan	— — —	
5	Interest accrued thereon	— — —	
		— — —	
195	Current Account	141 15 0	
			141 15 0
30	Sundry Creditors and Accrued Charges		83 12 0
103	Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift		102 19 9
10258	Walter Dexter Memorial Fund		10257 10 3
	Library Reserve—		
—	Proceeds of duplicate books sold during year to date		8 8 9
	Balance—		
	As at 31st December, 1953	6035 3 6	
	Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for year to date	303 11 0	
6035			6338 14 6
£16626			£16933 0 3

1953.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	Freehold Property—		
5108	Nos. 48 and 49 Doughty Street, at cost		5108 5 2
	Furniture and Fittings, at cost, less depreciation at 31st December, 1953	189 1 0	
	Less Depreciation for Year	9 9 0	
189			179 12 0
	Library and Museum, at cost—		
	As at 31st December, 1953	253 18 5	
	Additions during year	3 15 6	
254			257 13 11
	Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment—		
103	£188 5*s.* 9*d.* 2½% Consolidated Stock, at cost (Market Value 31st December, 1954, £124 5*s.* 5*d.*)		102 19 9
	Walter Dexter Memorial Fund Investments—		
	£696 2*s.* 4*d.* 2½% Consolidated Stock	500 0 0	
	£1792 14*s.* 3½% Commonwealth of Australia Stock	2000 0 0	
	£530 8*s.* 3½% Conversion Stock	500 0 0	
	£1000 2½% Defence Bonds	1000 0 0	
	£488 18*s.* 4% Consolidated Stock	500 0 0	
	£486 16*s* 4*d.* British Electricity 3% Guaranteed Stock 1968/73	500 0 0	
	£527 13*s.* 4*d.* 3½% War Stock	500 0 0	
	£600 9*s.* 8*d.* British Gas 3% Guaranteed Stock 1990/95	500 0 0	
	£2363 11*s.* 4*d.* 3% Savings Bonds 1965/75	2000 0 0	
	£820 7*s.* 7*d.* 3½% Treasury Stock 1977/80	757 10 3	
	£1215 11*s.* 9*d.* British Transport 3%Gtd. Stock 1978/88	1000 0 0	
	(Market Value 31st December, 1954, £9623 7*s.* 9*d.*)	9757 10 3	
	Post Office Savings Bank Deposit Account	500 0 0	
10258			10257 10 3
21	Payments in Advance		21 5 3
	Stock of Pictures, Post Cards, etc—		
230	Certified by Hon. Secretary		199 5 3
43	*The Dickensian*—Current Account		43 13 0
420	Cash at Bank and in hand		762 15 8
£16626			£16933 0 3

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens House and certify it to be in accordance therewith. We have also verified the Investments.

MORRIS, GREGORY & CO.,
Chartered Accountants

THE DICKENS HOUSE

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1954.

1953.	EXPENDITURE	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	To General Expenses—		
17	Stationery and Postages	22 8 6	
51	Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses and Cleaning	46 17 4	
8	Telephone	8 13 0	
78	Caretaking Expenses	84 10 0	
275	Salary	343 5 0	
429		505 13 10	
11	,, Water Rates	9 10 3	
37	,, Insurances	37 4 11	
141	,, Lighting and Heating	128 9 10	
618		680 18 10	
15	*Less* Contribution from Dickens Fellowship	15 0 0	
			665 18 10
603			
5	,, Interest on Loan		— — —
189	,, Repairs to Building		282 1 3
6	,, Maintenance of Furniture and Fittings		8 10 6
10	,, Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings		9 9 0
325	,, Excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet		303 11 0
£1138			£1269 10 7

1953.	INCOME	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	By Annual Subscriptions received during the year—		
56	Friends of Dickens House		54 3 4
206	,, Admission Fees		235 17 6
1	,, Reproduction Fees		1 1 0
15	,, Donations		38 3 3
	,, Rents—		
300	No. 49 Doughty Street	300 0 0	
35	*The Dickensian*	35 0 0	
50	The Dickens Fellowship	50 0 0	
			385 0 0
	,, Interest (Gross)—		
5	Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment	4 14 0	
316	Walter Dexter Memorial Fund Investment	338 10 6	
			343 4 6
25	,, Grant from London County Council		25 0 0
129	,, Profit on Sales		187 1 0
£1138			£1269 10 7

"THE DICKENSIAN"

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1954

1953. £	EXPENDITURE	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
85	To Stock of Bound Volumes on Hand 31/12/53		81 15 0
—	,, Purchases—Bound Volumes		2 13 0
460	,, Printing	473 12 5	
12	,, Blocks	26 11 2	
15	,, Binding	— — —	
63	,, Postages on Magazine	49 19 2	
			550 2 9
35	,, Rent	35 0 0	
222	,, Publishing and Clerical Assistance	241 11 8	
1	,, Stationery	25 1 3	
26	,, Sundry Postages and General Expenses	22 0 7	
10	,, Audit Fee	10 10 0	
5	,, Bad Debts	— — —	
			334 3 6
£934			£968 14 3

1953. £	INCOME.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
696	By Sales, including Subscriptions		642 8 0
30	,, Sales—Back Numbers		142 19 4
58	,, Advertising		78 11 0
—	,, Discounts Received		0 1 10
82	,, Stock of Bound Volumes on Hand, 31/12/54		55 2 6
68	,, Loss for year		49 11 7
£934			£968 14 3

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1954

1953. £	LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
	CREDITORS:		
43	The Dickens House	43 13 0	
14	Fellowship Branches	6 12 6	
151	Sundry	139 6 11	
			189 12 5
331	RESERVE as at 31st December, 1953	331 8 2	
	Add Donations received during year	13 8 3	
			344 16 5
140	SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED IN ADVANCE		133 2 9
	THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP—		
	Current Account	108 7 8	
—	*Less* Loss for year to 31st December, 1953	49 11 7	
			58 16 1
£679			£726 7 8

1953. £	ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
	CASH AT BANK	497 19 8	
366	*Less* Petty Cash overdrawn	10 14 7	
			487 5 1
	DEBTORS—		
	Fellowship Branches	120 2 11	
	Sundry	68 17 2	
		189 0 1	
153	*Less* Reserve for Returns	5 0 0	
			184 0 1
	THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP—		
	Current Account	— — —	
78	*Add* Loss for year to 31st December, 1954	— — —	
			— — —
	STOCK OF BOUND VOLUMES ON HAND—		
82	As certified by the Hon. Treasurer		55 2 6
£679			£726 7 8

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and relative Profit and Loss Account with the books and vouchers of The Dickens Fellowship relating to *The Dickensian* and we certify them to be in accordance therewith.

MORRIS, GREGORY & Co.

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